

"The
Tatler"







“The
Tatler”



THE CLASS OF '08

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATES THIS BOOK

TO

MR. J. E. TURNER

AND

MR. B. C. RICHARDSON

AS A TOKEN OF GRATITUDE AND ESTEEM



Foreword



ONE of the characteristics of the Alton High School of which we are especially proud is the friendly relationship that exists between pupils and teachers, and it is the aim of the "Tatler" to promote in every way this kindly feeling. Four teachers left us last year, bearing with them the respect and affection of every student of the High School. Amid different surroundings and under the pressure of many duties they have not forgotten us; and we take great pleasure in presenting to the readers of this third issue of the "Tatler" greetings from each of these absent, but not forgotten friends.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

The following is a list of the advertisers whose financial aid has contributed greatly toward making it possible for us to continue the publication of this Annual. Both patrons and pupils of this school are requested to act, so far as is possible, in accordance with the well known maxim: "One good turn deserves another."

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"We do not want him any longer, he is long enough already."—Harold Curdie.

A THOUGHT RAMBLE.



THE secret of all success is getting a good ready." There is a "tide in the affairs of men, which taken at its flood leads on to fortune," but of what use is the tide if the craft is unseaworthy? History presents many illustrations of the fact that circumstances do sometimes make men, but circumstances make no men out of unprepared or unfit material. A sad spectacle is that of a young man or woman who stands with folded arms and dejected mien at the foot of some great mountain of opportunity, to whose summit he is being invited, while he can only reply, "I would like to make the ascent, but I am unprepared." The melancholy of the scene deepens when the response must be, "I have not enough self-reliance." But the picture is sadder still,—as gloomy as it is common,—when the youth is forced to the admission, "I am morally unworthy." Are you prepared for life's opportunities? Have you developed self-reliance enough to tackle them? Are you worthy of the confidence of your fellow-men?

It is the purpose of this paper to emphasize some of the lessons which the High School should seek to impress indelibly upon each and every one of its students—lessons not contained in text books, but of more importance in the development of the highest type of citizenship than the formal lessons of any text.

A foreign educational commission recently passed upon the American schools this criticism: "Instead of educating the child for real life, the American school is tending to educate him away from the broad idea of life." This criticism should cause us to pause and seriously consider. It is unfortunately true that the American idea of the practical has resulted in an attempt in the schools to produce mind rather than men. The schools have given too much of their strength to mental development, having seemingly forgotten the fact that to possess a will active and active on the side of right, justice and truth is better than to be a great classical scholar or an expert scientist or an exact mathematician. Just as the old political economy dealt with an imaginary economic man, who did not even slightly resemble the man in real life, so our schools too often deal with a mere learning and remembering

man, which is only a fragment of a true man. A man can make a much better living out of truth, justice, energy and perseverance than he can out of geometry, chemistry or Latin.

These reflections are introductory to the proposition that the elements of good morals are more essential in the struggle of life than the elements of language, mathematics, science or philosophy. It is better to know justice than rhetoric, to know virtue than science, to know truth than philosophy. There is no doubt as to the importance of all of these studies, nor can it be denied that they in themselves do encourage the virtues. Other things being equal, a man or woman of learning is much more likely to be successful than an unlearned one, but mere learning does not constitute a sufficient equipment for life. Let me call attention, therefore, to some of the important and necessary elements of education which I think can and should be mastered by High School students.

1. *Manliness*.—There is no acquirement of an intellectual character that can take its place. I use the word here in its dictionary sense—the possession of courage, dignity, bravery and true heroism. A man with his head full of mathematics might, in these days of competitive examinations get a Government or banking-house position, but without true manliness an honorable success is impossible. Our boys need more courage, not bravado nor braggadocio, but a spirit of valor, intrepidity and dauntless will. They need an energy that defies opposition and surmounts difficulties. The basis of this development is physical manhood. I contend, therefore, that the High School should encourage such sports as are calculated to develop physical courage. Let the boys learn on the playground to give and take in a manly spirit. Let them court the hardships of preparation for a contest without whining about it. I venture to say that the boys of A. H. S. who go into their sports to win *honorably* and who take the leadership in their contests, have a better chance to win in the battle of life than the poor little cowards who thrust their hands into their pockets and shiver on the side line. This element of manhood should not be neglected. Give me an Enos who knows how to win anywhere,—give me a set of boys who have developed the skill that wins in foot ball, basket ball or on the field, or one who can thrash a bully when it is necessary, and I will vouch for their success. A manly boy is very apt to become a manly man—one who will push himself to the front in spite of disadvantages.

2. *Honesty*.—The world needs open, frank, straight-forward, upright, just men—men that are sincere to the core, incapable of fraud, trickery, treachery and insincerity in trade or politics—men of high principles, who will not betray a trust.

Integrity of character lies at the foundation of all true nobility of life. These may seem small things in the school, and hardly worth noticing, but remember that "the boy is father to the man"—the boy that acts the lie in a recitation will act one on the judge's bench or in the senator's chair. The dishonest scholar makes the dishonest merchant, clerk, lawyer or statesman. In this age when such sentiments as, "Do your neighbor or you will be done by him" are uttered in a tone that is not all jest, we are nearing the danger line in this regard.

3. *Self-reliance*.—This element naturally grows out of the preceding two. The boy who learns to rely upon his own exertions has learned a more important lesson than if he had found a grammar machine that would convert all his uncouth sentences into elegant English. Nothing can take the place of self-reliance in life's earnest struggles. Without it we have parasites instead of men, idlers who rely upon luck instead of pluck to win them fortunes. If society could only rid itself of its parasites, it would rid itself of pest-houses, jails and the expense of police force.

4. *Self-control*.—It matters little how great is a man's power of endurance, how perfect his honesty, or how complete his self-reliance, if he fails to keep his powers under control he is a weak and helpless being. The Greeks held self-control to be the highest of human virtues. It was trained into them from childhood. They gained it in their numberless games and sports as well as at the feet of their great teachers. There is no virtue more sadly wanting in our American life than this. "We are a race of immoderate, intemperate, inordinate men and women." We need to learn that our highest enjoyment and greatest usefulness depend not upon quantity, but quality. The self-disciplined man is the ruler of his world. He that has mastered his own powers has taken the longest step toward the mastering of others. It is a high honor to stand at the head of one's class, but it is not the highest honor if attained at the expense of one's body. I have seen wrecks that I pity and yet admire. They have graduated at the heads of their classes, but at the end of healthful, vigorous lives. I am not attempting to discount scholarship, but I would discourage one-sided development. Cicero said that an intemperate youth hands over to old age a worn out and useless body. Nothing is more true.

5. *Unselfishness.*—The other elements mentioned belong to the individual. This trait pertains to the individual as a member of society and the State.

Unselfishness prepares for citizenship and society.

The unselfish man is sympathetic and right minded.

Selfishness shows itself in egotism, envy, jealousy, vanity and inordinate greed. It may show itself in a thousand ways—it claims the best seat, it demands the most attention, it craves prominence, it grasps for artificial honors and sometimes breaks out in violent form. In my judgment, there is no place in the world where this lesson can be so successfully mastered as in the school.

Finally, the school is a little world where all the energies of soul, mind and body are actively developing traits of character. From this little school world the pupil enters the big real world where he curses or blesses society and his country.

J. E. TURNER.

It affords me great pleasure to have an opportunity to send greetings to my former pupils and fellow-teachers, and congratulations to the teachers and pupils who have just completed their first year in the Alton High School. The High School has passed through another successful year. This I know, because I have received every assurance of it throughout the year from both teachers and pupils. I am reminded every day of what I have given up when I see familiar faces on Second Street going to and from school. There is a great deal of satisfaction, however, in the daily contact with many of the graduates who are engaged in different vocations in Alton and St. Louis. This reminds me that in a few years the High School students of today will be conducting the business of the city, the state, and the nation. My greatest desire is that you who have the opportunity to attend school and graduate, may not fail to do so.

I feel especially interested in the class of '07, because we entered the High School in the same year. May all of you be successful in your undertakings.

Very sincerely yours,

ROBT. L. BIRD, '03-'07.



R. B. C. RICHARDSON, the new principal of the Alton High School has long been familiar to the pupils of the High School, and to the citizens of Alton. Born in St. Johnsbury, Vermont, he received his early education in the Academy at Mexico, New York. After a year's experience as teacher in a country school, he entered Syracuse University and there received the degree of A. B. in 1893. He became a teacher in the Alton High School in 1895, was made assistant principal in 1900, and has since been identified with the school and its interests. His familiarity with the school and its methods, his long acquaintance with the pupils, and the respect and affection entertained for him by all the members of his classes, have made it possible for him to perform successfully a difficult feat—to succeed a man like Mr. Turner, who, during a principalship of ten years, had made himself almost indispensable, to carry on the work without friction or hindrance, and to make the present year one of the most successful periods in the history of the school.

Mr. J. E. Turner, whose years of service in the High School will long be gratefully remembered by the present students and by the Alumni who enjoyed the benefit of his instruction, counsel, and sympathy, carried with him, upon his departure from our city, the heartiest wishes of all the pupils for his health, prosperity, and happiness. They felt that the present high rank of the Alton High School among the schools of the state is largely due to his intelligent supervision and to his wholehearted devotion to the interests of the school. They have transferred their allegiance to Mr. Richardson and are ready to support his efforts to raise the standard of the school and to make it more efficient than it has ever been before; but loyalty to the new and highly esteemed principal does not forbid an affectionate recognition of the long and valuable services of his predecessor.



TEACHERS IN THE ALTON HIGH SCHOOL.

| | |
|---------------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| CARRIE G. RICH (Ill. State Normal)... | History and Civics. |
| BERTHA W. FERGUSON, A. B. | Latin and German. |
| HELEN A. NAYLOR, A. B. | Commercial and Mathematics. |
| CAROLYN M. WEMPEN, B. S. | English and Mathematics. |
| E. CARL WATSON, A. B. | Mathematics and Physics. |
| J. HORACE KRAFT, A. B. | Biological Science. |
| E. L. KING, A. B. & B. S. | English and Mathematics. |
| JOSEPHINE G. GILMORE, A. B. | English. |
| LUCILLE T. BURNAP, B. S. | Latin and English. |
| MINNIE M. BOALS. | Supervisor of Music. |
| KATHERINE HACK. | Supervisor of Drawing. |

OF INTEREST TO ALUMNI.

(Through the kindness of Mrs. Schweppe, historian of the Alumni Association, we are enabled to add to the list of Alumni published in last year's Tattler the names of the graduates of '69, '70, '72 and '73.)

CLASS OF '69.

Blanche Dolbee (Mrs. Cole).
Charles Sawyer.

CLASS OF '70.

*Ella Corrington.
May Emerson (Mrs. Tribble).
*Agnes Filley.
Emma Hoffmeister.
Angie Rand (Mrs. Schweppe).

CLASS OF '72.

Phebe Adams.

Kate Broderick.
Cora Dolbee (Mrs. Rohland).
Lillie Hollister.
*Mary McClure.
Belle Mitchel.
Sadie Platt.

CLASS OF '73.

Nettie Blair (Mrs. Abbott).
George Challacombe.
George Davis.
Hattie Hardy.
Josie Hazzard.

Sarah Hudson.
*Mac Kent.
Kate Laird (Mrs. Kerran).
Clara Lapp.
Lillie Mathews (Mrs. Nesbitt).
Lillie Morgan (Mrs. Cuthbert).
Emma Peters (Mrs. Brenholt).
*Phelie Peters.
*Lizzie Sawyer.
Mac Rutherford.

*Dead.

THE MEET OF 1906.

WHEN a boy had been doing without pudding or pie and had been quietly sneaking away from his friends to early retirement regularly for a period of some six weeks, it is hardly necessary to state that his face wore a smile and his heart was light, when he saw, on the morning of the climax, May 5th, 1906, that the sun was one of the earliest arrivals and smiled down in approval and that the clouds were unaware that something worth witnessing was to be seen that day.

The smile on the face of the hungry but wary looking athlete seemed to be contagious, and soon all the Alton patriots were laughing with the sun and filled to the brim with enthusiasm. As the sun rose, the noise increased; the toot of an engine would be heard, then more noise than a dozen toots of as many engines, and the report would be brought by a frightened looking Freshie, that the representatives of one of our neighboring villages had arrived, re-enforced with rooters, ribbons and banners, and that they appeared to be hungry. Upon investigation they would be found apparently content, and absorbed in the consumption of a sack of peanuts or a box of popcorn.

By nine o'clock enthusiasts from Highland, Madison, Collinsville, Edwardsville and Granite City had arrived at Alton and were on their way to Upper Alton, to settle the question of superiority in the county. After all the ribbons had been pushed and pulled into the Baptist Church and the judges had looked wise for several moments, the intellectual contest began.

There were three events, the Declamation, the Oration, and the Essay. Alton won the best of the three by taking first place in Essay, and Miss Alida Bowler was the heroine. Miss Blanche Cartwright made another point for Alton in Declamation and we went out for dinner, feeling in high spirits; we had taken six points, when there were only twenty-seven to divide among seven schools. The strain of the morning had been intense; many a whoop and school yell had been held in only with the greatest effort, but all had been instructed to defer noise-making until the church premises had been vacated. When the streets were reached, the horns, having had time to cool off, were

brought into strenuous service and judging from the noise that continued during the noon hour some musically inclined individuals must have liked to blow better than to eat.

At 1:30 all were on deck for the athletic events. Some novices among the spectators couldn't understand how the athletes could run their best so soon after lunch, but they were told by those who knew, that at 6 p. m. the athletes would eat their first square meal since training began. They certainly could run, as was shown when the 50 yard dash was called. Mathews, of Alton, had such an easy time over his opponents in the preliminary event, that an over anxious longing to show them up in the final caused him to start too soon, and as a penalty he was set back three yards. A three-yard handicap in a fifty-yard sprint is a big one, but Harry left all his competitors but one behind, and the time was 5 $\frac{3}{5}$ seconds.

The next event was the shot put. Just before this event, a made to order on the large scale sort of a fellow came round one of the buildings on the grounds, carrying a spy glass. He was the Granite City shot putter and used the spy glass in order to locate the shot; it looked like a B. B. to him. When the measure showed that he had put the 12-lb. shot 38 ft. 9 in., Degenhardt smiled and felt bigger than ever, after having come so close to so large a man. This big fellow was labeled Howe of Granite City—maybe because he knew *how*.

The excitement was increasing and when we heard a noise like a gun, we thought someone had become over excited and had decided to bombard Upper Alton. We were mistaken,—it was the beginning of the 440; everyone hustled to windward, for all knew Ed. would stir up some dust. Ed. has a watch fob made of medals and he must have intended to give this medal first place, for the event didn't look much like a race; one incredulous person said something about "a loose brick" when told it was a race, but afterward apologized. Ed. liked it so well that he ran few seconds longer than usual; 56 seconds being the time.

Next on the program came an event in which the men appeared as knights with 14 and 15-foot spears. Some of them, in performing their feats, made horrible faces—faces that Wolf's sensitive nature could not endure. He resigned and quit this mediaeval sort of game; he couldn't make that kind of face and didn't want to look pleasant alone. Varnum, of Granite City, won at 9 ft. 4 in.

The fifth event was the hundred yard dash. This event was won by Dial, of Granite City, an old timer, and that's the way he ran. Dial's relationship to time of course gave him an advantage and let him come in a fraction of a second before Allen.

About this time we heard rumors that Ed. Enos had decided to take some exercise in jumping. Ed. would like jumping all right, but for the inconvenience of having to walk back each time to the starting point; this takes time and labor. He jumped 9 feet 11 inches in the standing broad jump. We may say to the credit of one of his rivals, that he would have been close to Ed., if his toes had counted.

When the broad jump was over, the hurdles had been put in position for the 120-yard low hurdle race. This is much like going over a low fence and we had forgotten that our man Allen's house had no fence about it on which he might practice. This handicap proved his undoing. In the case of our rivals from Granite City, Upper Alton or Edwardsville, it was possible for them to go to the pasture fence, watch brindle go over a few times, and imitate. Granite City's man had taken notice, imitated successfully, and won this event in 16 $\frac{3}{5}$ seconds.

The next performance was the high jump. High water had trained the Granite City boys to jump for high places;—you well know that the Mississippi occasionally sends an extra supply of H₂O to Granite City, to keep them from drying up. As soon as the stranger saw the pond at the side of the hill on which he was jumping, there was no use trying other means of stopping him than by raising and stretching the standards. This event was not over until 5 feet 3 inches were cleared and recorded.

In the half-mile, Goudie of Alton, deserved great credit. The Granite City coach seemed to respect Goudie and to have lost confidence in his own man, for he ran with the runners and coached his man around the track. This act should have disqualified Granite City, but for some reason as yet unsolved, perhaps lack of knowledge of the rules, it was allowed. At 50 yards from the finish Goudie was in the lead, but fell back, and Granite City barely won. Two minutes and thirteen seconds was the time.

When the hammer throw was called, all knew what to expect. After Neiminger had thrown the hammer once, he was sized up by some; the second time by more; and the third time by all. The lads that would have liked to beat him bore a look that meant, when translated for us, about the same as the first part of the Alton man's name. Of

course it wasn't very nice of Alonzo to take the biggest piece of pie, but we have forgiven him long ago. One hundred and twenty-five feet was enough to win.

The calls for the 220 sounded to all like the tolling of funeral bells. Alton was going to see Ed. run the last time for Alton High; our competitors for the county pennant were going to see their man disappear in a cloud of dust. Again, we were happy because we were going to win the event, while our competitors were happy because they were going to say good bye to an athlete who, in a way, never did look good to them, but in a bigger way always did. In 24 3/5 seconds it was all over.

We had won the last two events and were not worrying much when the running broad jump was called. Besides it was growing dark, and Mathews had arranged to go to the circus in the evening and had most of his mind fixed on the sights he was to see there. The Granite City man knew that honors would be the only happiness coming his way for the evening and used all his powers. He jumped 19 feet 2 inches and won the event; Mathews was second best man.

The Alton team had decided not to let the Granite City boys leave feeling conceited, and had resolved to win the last five points and the honors for the relay race. They only waited for the rest to get ready and then might have waited longer for them to catch up. The relay team only made us wait 1 minute and 31 seconds for result and we departed with the sun. So in the history of the Madison County High School Association this meet, held on the 5th of May, 1906, is recorded as ending with the Granite City school successful, Alton second, Collinsville third and Upper Alton, Edwardsville, Madison and Highland following in order. Although we met defeat and regretted it bitterly, we extend to the victors the hand of friendship and good will, hoping them success in all future undertakings,—excepting the High School meets.

E. F. P.

H. C.—Oh, look at the put shot! Oh, no, I mean shooting the put.

**Fourth Annual Meet of the Madison County High School Association,
At Upper Alton, May 5th, 1906.**

INTELLECTUAL CONTEST.

Oration

1. Roland Griffith, Granite City.
2. Lou Bell Jolly, Collinsville.
3. Harold J. Baudy, Madison.

Essay.

1. Alida Bowler, Alton.
2. Jean Streeter, Upper Alton.
3. Mary Krome, Edwardsville.

Declamation.

1. Gertrude Thomas, Granite City.
2. Lena Blaha, Collinsville.
3. Blanche Cartwright, Alton.

Score.

Granite City, 10.
Edwardsville, 1.
Madison, 1.

Alton, 6.
Collinsville, 6.
Upper Alton, 3.

ATHLETIC CONTEST.

Score.

Granite City, 45.
Alton, 42.
Edwardsville, 9.

Upper Alton, 8.
Collinsville, 6.
Madison, 6.

Highland, 1.

1. 50-Yard Dash.

Time: $5 \frac{3}{5}$ seconds.

1. Dial, Granite City.
2. H. Mathews, Alton.
3. Jno. Snadden, Collinsville.

2. Shot Put.

Distance, 39 ft. 8 in.

1. E. Howe, Granite City.
2. A. Degenhardt, Alton.
3. R. Arth, Collinsville.

3. 440-Yard Dash.

Time: 56 seconds.

1. E. Enos, Alton.
2. J. Baker, Madison.
3. Jno. Beatty, Granite City.

4. Pole Vault.

Height, 9 ft. 4 in.

1. E. Varnum, Granite City.
2. E. Griffey, Upper Alton.
3. D. Collins, Collinsville.

5. 100-Yard Dash.

Time: $10 \frac{2}{5}$ seconds.

1. Dial, Granite City.
2. S. Allen, Alton.
3. F. Coulter, Upper Alton.

Events.

6. Standing Broad Jump.

Distance, 9 ft. 11 in.

1. E. Enos, Alton.
2. F. Fisher, Edwardsville.
3. O. Kamm, Highland.

7. 120-Yard Hurdle.

Time: $16 \frac{3}{5}$ seconds.

1. E. Varnum, Granite City.
2. E. Griffey, Upper Alton.
3. S. Allen, Alton.

8. Running High Jump.

Height, 5 ft. 3 in.

1. E. Varnum, Granite City.
2. F. Fisher, Edwardsville.
3. C. Bierman, Alton.

9. Half-Mile Run.

Time: 2 minutes, 13 seconds.

1. Jno. Beatty, Granite City.
2. H. Goudie, Alton.
3. C. Sargeant, Upper Alton.

10. Hammer Throw.

Distance, 125 feet.

1. A. Neining, Alton.
2. F. Fisher, Edwardsville.
3. D. Collins, Collinsville.

11. 220-Yards Dash.

Time: $24 \frac{4}{5}$ seconds.

1. E. Enos, Alton.
2. J. Baker, Madison.
3. E. Thompson, Granite City.

12. Running Broad Jump.

Distance, 19 ft. 2 in.

1. C. Parr, Granite City.
2. H. Mathews, Alton.
3. C. Long, Collinsville.

13. Half-Mile Relay.

Time: 1 minute, 31 seconds.

1. Alton.
2. Granite City.
3. Collinsville.

Total and Final Score.

1. Granite City, 55. 2. Alton, 48. 3. Collinsville, 12. Upper Alton, 1. Edwardsville, 10. Madison, 7. Highland, 1.

THE MISSION OF HISTORY.



HISTORY is a mighty chain, forged, link by link, upon the anvil of time, binding the past to the present and safely mooring many a ship of state that might otherwise drift away on a disastrous cruise in unknown seas. History is a Delphic oracle, exerting a powerful influence on the conduct and fate of governments and men, when they comprehend its prophecies and are heedful of its warnings. Readers who find history dry and uninteresting consider it merely a mixture of dates and facts; but the bare facts are not the real history. To depict the life of the time, to impart its spirit, to win sympathy for its people, to trace the causes preceding the leading events, and the effects resulting from them, to show how these events combine to form the whole—an outline of the progress of the human race—this is the purpose of the true historian. And it is the special mission of history to serve as guidepost to the future. It has been called "philosophy teaching by experience." Great minds of all ages tell us that we can judge of the future only by the past. Epoch and surroundings may change, but human nature is the same "yesterday, today, and forever;" and the same conditions that have made and marred nations in the past will make or mar a nation today.

Review your history of Rome. Behold her, the obscure rustic village on the Tiber, rising to a position as "mistress of the world." But with this sovereignty her citizens acquire enormous wealth and, utterly dependent on their vast households of slaves, become indolent, immoral, and corrupt. She falls, a victim to the deterioration of her national character. At fearful cost America has wisely cast aside the yoke of slavery, but let her look to it that her citizens preserve their strong integrity, lest she fall, even as Rome fell.

Examine the state of affairs in France in 1789. Observe the great inequality in the conditions of the classes; the aristocrats, pampered and privileged, living in luxury and splendor; the lower classes, cruelly harassed and oppressed, forced to yield to the extortions of the tax-gatherers the scanty proceeds of their bitter toil, while they and their families suffer from famine cold; and see how inevitably the Reign of Terror, that awful carnival of blood, re-

sulted from such conditions. For, as Macaulay says, "the violence of these outrages will always be proportioned to the oppression and degradation under which the people have been accustomed to live." Let Russia in her present state of unrest, heed the warning of history lest she, too, suffer a Reign of Terror.

It is to this great instructor, history, that wise statesmen turn in times of perplexity and doubt. When the French formed their first republic they ignored her teachings. Fiercely opposed to any regulation that savored of the old regime, foolishly disregarding the accumulated wisdom of ages, and depending entirely upon their own overestimated abilities, they endeavored to establish a government totally unlike any that had ever existed; they even thought to abolish God and set up in His temples the Goddess of Reason. The result of their efforts was short lived. But when the convention met to frame a constitution for these United States, the delegates went provided with the experience of the founders of all governments since history began; and that great document, our constitution, is the product, not of the original genius of our fathers, but of their wisdom in the use of that experience. To question the value of history is to question the value of experience.

And just as this great teacher compiles an infinite number of lessons for the instruction of governments, so she furnishes innumerable examples for the guidance of the individual. Literature depicts the lives and deeds of imaginary men and women, draws from them most excellent moral lessons and outlines most beautiful theories. But of what value is even the best of theories without practical demonstration of its truth? History records the lives and deeds of real men, portrays them as they actually existed, points out their chief characteristics, shows how these characteristics led them to success or brought about their downfall, and teaches, as no fiction can teach, the difference between right and wrong.

It shows us Washington in all the glory of his unselfish devotion to the cause of liberty, winning, by his disinterested ambition for his country, an imperishable name in the annals of history and the love and admiration of all people for all time. It pictures Napoleon in the high light of great military genius, but with a gloomy background of the devastation and distress he caused in order to satisfy that insatiable greed for power which eventually brought about his humiliating captivity and death. What intelligent reader of history can fail to appreciate the distinction between true and false greatness revealed in the characters of these men? Or who can doubt that history preaches

a mighty sermon on the value of integrity and sincerity in the lives of Luther, the poor miner's son, who, through fidelity to God and his convictions, became the founder of Protestantism, and of Wolsey, who gained great power by the sacrifice of his honor and the interests of his God, only to fall miserably "from his high estate."

But perhaps history's favorite lesson is this; that the ridicule, opposition, and cruel injustice of a man's contemporaries are matters of small moment. She shows us a Socrates in his cell, a Wesley, ridiculed and despised, a Lincoln, maligned and scorned; and then she shows us the names of these "immortal dead" written in letters of gold in the imperishable temple of fame.

Thus history proceeds, prophesying, preaching, and teaching men and nations. For, as an eminent teacher has said, "to instruct man by telling the story of his more serious and valuable experience in the most important spheres of his activity—in politics, war, religion, art, industrial achievement, education, scientific discovery and moral endeavor"—such is the mission of history.

ALIDA C. BOWLER.

"A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he."

—Mr. Richardson.

THE APOSTLE TO THE FLORENTINES.



ALWAYS in the history of the world, at times of special need, Providence has raised a leader to meet the crises; but the powers of darkness will claim their victim and too often the inspired leader has sealed with his blood his divine mission. Joan of Arc saved France and perished at the stake; Lincoln struck the shackles from the slaves and died at the hands of an assassin; and Savonarola, the apostle to the Florentines, drained to the dregs the bitter draught of the world's cruelty.

Does intellectual training alone tend to elevate men morally? Has art this power? No. History proves only too clearly that moral degradation can exist side by side with keen intellect, exquisite culture and fine artistic sense. It was true of Greece, it was true of Rome, it was true of Florence. Picture to yourselves the Florence of the fifteenth century; it was an epoch of marvelous intellectual awakening—the time of Columbus, of Michael Angelo, of Titian, of Raphael. Florence was known as the “mecca of culture,” yet beneath its boasted wealth, art and learning, lay a deep gulf of moral depravity. Villari says, “Artists, men of letters, statesmen, nobles and people were all equally corrupt in mind, devoid of public or private virtue, devoid of all moral sense.” Lorenzo the Magnificent, chief ruler of Florence, was one of the most cultured and brilliant men of all Italy; yet he was a cruel, dishonorable, licentious profligate. Under such a leader, is it wonderful that the pleasure-loving Florentines were so utterly regardless of God and duty and self-restraint? that Florence was a continuous scene of revelry and dissipation? But God called to the city a man who became master of the situation—a man who boldly faced the stupendous evils of his time and made them ashamed—a pure, whole-souled, strong, courageous, independent, passionate man—Girolamo Savonarola.

When first he saw fair Florence, Savonarola was thirty years of age; but no native-born Florentine loved Florence with a more passionate love than did this adopted son; no native-born Florentine sorrowed more deeply over its moral degradation—was more ready to shed his blood for its liberty than was Savonarola.

How was this diffident, melancholy, austere monk to realize his fond dream—to restore liberty to his adopted city and to regenerate its people? to make of pagan Florence a Christian republic? There was only one possible weapon for a man in his position—eloquence. But to the cultured, refined Florentines, his northern accent seemed harsh, his manners and speech rough, his gestures awkward and his sermons neither attractive nor impressive. Yet through the agony of repeated failures he was trained to success, until he became the greatest orator of all Italy.

Lord says: "He was transeendant in his oratorical gifts, the like of which has never before nor since been witnessed in Italy; he was as vehement as Demosthenes, as passionate as Chrysostom, as electrical as Bernard; he was a torrent that bore everything before him. His voice was musical, his attitude commanding, his gestures superb."

But the man was greater than the orator; it was his character that lent force to his words; his personality that dominated the people. Independent, honest, courageous, he extorted admiration and respect even from his enemies. He did not prophesy "smooth things"—he was unsparing in his terrible denunciation of vice in high or low places. Lorenzo tried in vain by bribes and threats to silence his bold antagonist. Yet when the prince lay dying at Careggi, it was the immovable Prior of St. Marks whom he summoned. Then occurred that famous interview in which the patriotic monk who loved God and Florence, commanded the dying prince to restore liberty to the city. On no other terms would the stern patriot grant absolution to the dying tyrant.

And when two years later, Florence, torn by internal dissensions and threatened by foreign foes, tottered on the verge of ruin, the citizens turned in their despair to the patriotic Prior who had so courageously demanded the restoration of their liberties from the dying Lorenzo. The great preacher became also a great statesman, guided the bewildered city to safety and for three years was practically dictator of Florence. Yet he attended no political meetings—he simply preached those wonderful sermons and his utterances became the laws of the assembly. The Florentines forsook their evil ways and looked to Christ as their leader; the city was completely transformed.

And what clear-sightedness, what courage, what sublime faith Savonarola exhibited during this desperate struggle with the forces of evil! "If you ask me in general, what shall be the end of the contest," he said, "then I answer—victory, but if you ask me in particular, I answer—torture and death."

Torture and death were not far off. The enemies of popular freedom, the wicked corrupt men of the city, the followers of the banished ruler and the friends of the Pope made a formidable band of bitter enemies. The Pope, judging Savonarola by himself, attempted to silence him by the offer of a cardinal's hat, but Savonarola scorned it saying, "No red hat will I have but that of a martyr reddened with my own blood."

The red hat of a martyr! When interdiction and excommunication had silenced that wonderful tongue, his enemies gained the ascendancy and the fickle Florentines turned upon their benefactor; arrest, imprisonment, insult, torture, the gibbet and the stake were the rewards he received for his services. Yet today Florence and the world revere his memory; for

"They may shatter to earth the lump of clay that holds the light divine
But they cannot blot the spoken words from the memory of mankind.
Today abhorred, tomorrow adored
So round and round we run
And ever the truth comes uppermost
And ever is justice done."

Yes, Savonarola, the *end* of the contest is *victory*!

LUCILLE EAWERS

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN—From the A. H.
S. Building on the evening of April 4. Three or four
dozen hurdles. Finder please return to this address and
receive reward.

ALTON HIGH SCHOOL.

Class of 1906.

Class Day Program.

June 7th, 2:00 p. m.



Music—"Merry June".....High School Chorus
Class History.....Josephine McPike
Oration—"An American of the South".....John Keene
MusicHigh School Orchestra
Class Prophecy.....Lucille Ewers
Oration—"The Queen of Tongues".....Lucia Bowman
Class Poem.....Emma Hartmann
Music—"Welcome Pretty Primrose".....Senior Quartet
Oration—"The Preservation of Niagara Falls"
Lea Johnstone
Class President's Address.....Edward Enos
Music.....High School Orchestra

Class of 1906.
COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES OF THE ALTON HIGH SCHOOL.

At High School Auditorium, Friday, June 8th, at 10:00 a. m.



Program.

| | |
|---|--|
| Piano Solo..... | Vida Black |
| Invocation | Rev. M. W. Twing |
| Music—"Praise Ye the Father"..... | High School Chorus |
| Salutatory | Eusebia Martin |
| Vocal Solo | Frieda Gossrau |
| Address—"Our Age; Its Demands and Our Opportunity"..... | |
| | Rev. Frank G. Smith, Pastor of the Warren Ave. Congregational Church, Chicago. |
| Music—"The Angel's Serenade"..... | Senior Quartet |
| "The Mission of History," and Valedictory | Alida Bowler |
| | Presentation of Diplomas, by T. H. Perrin, President of the Board of Education. |
| Piano Duet..... | Vinot Cartwright and Helen Clare Ryrie |

Class Roll.

| | | |
|----------------------------|-----------------------------|---------------------------|
| Harriet Mae Bailey. | Edward William Enos. | Percy Carlisle Lewis. |
| Jennie Carstens Bauman. | Mary Lucille Ewers. | Helen Gertrude Lynch. |
| Ethel Elizabeth Beall. | Charles Woodside Freeman. | Mary Loretta McHenry. |
| Vida May Black. | Robert Burroughs Goff. | Josephine Mary McPike. |
| Alida Cynthia Bowler. | Frieda Carolina Gossrau. | Eusebia Newell Martin. |
| Lucia Loveland Bowman. | Emma Cathrine Hartmann. | Gertrude Cecelia O'Neill. |
| Beulah Barbour Brown. | Emily Rachel Hazelton. | Pearl Isabel Robertson. |
| Clarence Quinton Burkhart. | Frances Corilda Hazelton. | Helen Clare Ryrle. |
| Dorothy Eleanor Buss. | Robert Emmet Hubner. | Carrie Harriett Shelton. |
| George Wilnot Carhart. | Arthur Lea Johnstone. | Truman Young Stelle. |
| Margaret Vinot Cartwright. | John Cary Keene. | Olga Estelle Volz. |
| Marie Elizabeth Dawson. | Edna Marie Koch. | Harris Smith Weld. |
| Irene Viola Degenhardt. | William Harold Koehne. | |
| Emily Gertrude DeMonbreun. | Theodosia Margaret Lampert. | |

MOTTO: "TRUTH CONQUERS ALL THINGS."

A LETTER FROM NEW YORK.



SEVERAL years ago, I attended a series of lectures, by Professor Moulton, of Chicago University, on "The Moral System of Shakespeare." I remember his emphasizing again and again, how in Shakespearean plays, "the deed always returns to the doer." It is several hundred years since Shakespeare lived and wrote, but it seems that the same maxim still holds good at the present time. For, behold, after a year of grace there comes a request from the Alton High School that the class of teachers that graduated in June, 1906, write graduating essays, for honorable dismissal. And in the good old-fashioned and time-honored way we are left to choose our own subjects, and to write essays as long as we wish, but—again in accordance with a time-honored custom—they must be in on a specified date, a date far enough removed to invite procrastination and encourage a hope of inspiration. You see how the deed returns to the doer and the writing of an essay falls to the lot of a teacher.

Nevertheless I appreciate this opportunity of communication with the teachers and pupils of the Alton High School, for just now as I must look forward on the one hand, to associating myself with another school, I cannot but glance fondly back, on the other hand, with a feeling of loyalty to dear old Alton High.

I have been considering for sometime what kind of subject I should choose. Once I thought to make the article instructive by writing on a very learned and high-sounding subject, such as theses are written on; but since one of the Columbia professors has pronounced all such productions "abominable stuff," I decided it was not a suitable presentation to make to a favorite band of friends. Besides such "dry-as-dust" subjects are very scarce at this time of year in a community of candidates for A. M. and Ph.D. degrees.

The only left-over subject I have found in my search was on "Considerations concerning the alleged subterranean holophthal extemporaneousness of the conchy baceous superimbrication of the ornithorhyncus, as foreshadowed by the unintelligibility of its plesiosaurian anisidactylous aspects."

And this had been rejected by no less distinguished a person than Mark Twain, out of financial consideration for his editors, and I thought I could do no better—with such a subject—than follow a good example.

From the consideration of serious and learned subjects, I turned to amusing and entertaining ones such as "Seeing the Sights of New York on a 'Rubber-neck' Wagon," or "A Ride on the Top of a Fifth Avenue Coach" or "A Ghost Party on Hallowe'en at Whittier Hall." But I realize that I have no more ability to write in a humorous vein than inclination to write on a serious subject, so I shall attempt nothing more ambitious than recounting some of the interesting things I have seen and done in New York.

My principal interest and activity have naturally been in Columbia University life. The various institutions in the immediate neighborhood arouse a general interest in an educational direction. Besides the large number of Columbia undergraduate students in the professional and liberal arts colleges, there is a large body of graduate students, including women as well as men. Barnard College, located just across from the University Campus, is devoted entirely to undergraduate work for women. Diagonally across from this building is a model grammar and high school, called the Horace Mann School. And adjoining the Horace Mann building is Teachers' College of Columbia University, a training school for men and women teachers in every line of work from kindergarten to general supervision in all departments of school-work. I can hardly imagine a wider range of educational activity possible within the same radius, than is to be found in the immediate neighborhood of Columbia University.

The University furnishes many opportunities for cultural diversions aside from the regular lecture-room courses. From time to time short addresses are given in St. Paul's Chapel on religious and vocational subjects, by such distinguished persons as President Nicholas Murray Butler, Bishop Potter and Dr. Lyman Abbot. Series of lectures of a more formal nature are given every week on various social, educational, and political problems, by such men as President Woodrow Wilson, of Princeton University; Professor William James, of Harvard; and the Kaiser Wilhelm, Professor of Columbia University.

In the new St. Paul Chapel of Columbia University, delightful organ-recitals have been given weekly, since its completion, by noted organists. In the Library building there have been many interesting exhibitions of rare collections of very old, hand illumined volumes, of paintings, of Russian cartoons and other art-productions. It is almost

too obvious for comment, that if a student develops along one line only, it is not due so much to a lack of opportunities as to a failure to take advantage of those open to him.

A person cannot be in New York long without hearing a great deal about its cosmopolitanism, and I find that I do not need to leave our dormitory to find the statement verified. Whittier Hall accommodates about 350 women students, representing every state in the Union. It is impossible for me to say whether I experienced a greater surprise when I found persons from Texas and California rooming on the same floor with me, or when I found I was under the same roof with an old high school friend from Burlington, Iowa, and across the hall were two young ladies from Springfield, Illinois.

I recall now what a source of amusement, in the early fall, I found the young lady from "dyown South," who was so "fussed" over missing a "kya" and the prim and dignified little schoolmistress from New England who expressed her "idears" about the "dramar" course.

When I think of trying to touch upon the interesting things I have seen and done, limited as they are, outside of university activities, I realize for the first time what life in such a metropolis as New York City means. No matter where you go or what means of public conveyance you take, whether subway, surface, or elevated trains or ferry boats, you never cease to ask yourself the question: Where can all the people be going, and where do they come from?

While writing this paper, I have realized what a vast amount of material my experience of the last year furnishes for a sketch, much more entertaining than the one I have given you. But the great variety of experience has been a handicap in itself, while on the other hand, I have felt the injustice of selecting one particular thing out of such a great variety of interests as are to be found in New York City.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art and the Natural History Museum, the Hudson River, Ellis Island, Central Park, the numerous monuments, the Statue of Liberty, Wall Street, Old Trinity Church and its old cemetery adjoining it, the Little Church around the Corner—all these and many more have been the source of a great deal of interest and pleasure to me.

Then one can always find plenty of delightful trips to take across the Hudson on the ferry to the Palisades in New Jersey, or a longer trip up the Hudson to Tarrytown or West Point. And I cannot close this sketch without

alluding to a very short visit to Boston, which I made during the Thanksgiving holidays. I can not recall a day more delightful and inspiring in its experience than the one I spent between Cambridge, Lexington and Concord. It was late in the afternoon when we arrived at Concord, which seemed a most appropriate time to visit the gray "Old Manse." How Hawthorne's sketch on this old house and its surroundings came back to me as we drew up before the "Old Manse" set far back from the road, in its quiet seclusion! And as we drove around to the side of the house, there we could see the old bridge and the sluggish river and the plot of ground where I imagined Hawthorne raised his "vegetable children."

The sight of the old Concord Bridge was nothing wonderful in itself, but the association of the place made familiar through history and literature transformed it into a most interesting spot. We Americans must recognize the superiority of English literature over American literature, but at the same time we must set a proper estimate on our own literature for what it can do for us as a nation. German schools are recognizing more and more the importance of German literature and history in creating a passion for the German language, life and literature. It seems to me that American literature should find a special mission in creating an interest in American life and history and scenes. And I can think of no greater joy to the student of history and literature than to supplement his study at some time with an actual acquaintance with the places he has learned to know through books.

EMMA LEM. REPERT.

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

"Grossness gave way to decorum."

Who was Grossness?

Ask K. H. *She* has found out.

HONOR ROLLS.

HIGH HONOR ROLL.

(Those pupils of the High School who, during the first term of the present school year, had no grade below Excellent and no demerits.)

Ethel Richards, Senior.

Grace Shelton, Junior.

Kathleen Heskett, Second Second.

Tilton Weed, Second Second.

Dorothy Dorsey, Second First.

Fred Haerberle, Second First.

HONOR ROLL.

(Those pupils who had no finals and not more than two demerits.)

Seniors.

Carl Bassett.

Carl Beall.

Lucy Briggs.

Joyce Dixon.

Mildred Dixon.

Edna Dooling.

Olin Ellison.

Grace Gaukrodger.

Bernice Gillham.

Gershon Gillham.

Minnie Horn.

Harrison Jacoby.

Jessie Johnson.

Agnes Kelly.

Geraldine Morris.

Alonzo Neiminger.

Lillie Oben.

David Prince.

Chester Pierce.

Margaret Radcliff.

Theresa Recher.

Bertha Roenicke.

Augusta Trube.

Mabel Uzzell.

Edith Volz.

Alice White.

Juniors.

Dorothy Blair.

Blanche Cartwright.

Helen Chapman.

Nina Gaskins.

Virginia Harrison.

Lillian Hazelton.

Emily Hoppe.

Lee Hull.

Jacob Lipsky.

Franklin Olin.

Frieda Perrin.

Anna Raith.

Pauline Tonsor.

Edgar Stevens.

Leila Witt.

Second Year, Second Section.

Maude Ballenger.
Wilmot Black.
Martin Bristow.
Mamie Coleman.
Mae Coulter.
Lucy Degenhardt.
Charles Flach.

Imo Gillham.
Alma Green.
Edward Juttemeyer.
Mamie Kelsey.
Hannah Kranz.
Viola Loarts.
Hallie Mae Logan.

Lela Logan.
Lillian Marsh.
Alice Morris.
Nellie Mottaz.
Fern Oulson.
Lauretta Paul.
Edna Radcliff.

Hortense Rodgers.
Nettie Roseberry.
Alice Rylie.
Edna Sawyer.
Lester Snell.
Florence Steiner.
Myrtle Volz.

Second Year, First Section.

Leonora Cartwright.
Winfrey Gregory.
Lillian Hamilton.

Etta Jones.
Leonora Koch.
Florence Kuhn.

Johanna Massel.
Julius Meisenheimer.

Frieda Netzhammer.
Ora Redman.

First Year, Second Section.

Percy Beall.
Elden Betts.
Alfred Brattisch.
Edith Browne.
John Carstens.
Lucie Craig.
Madeline Day.
Florence Dick.

Laura Diez.
Nellie Eppley.
Harriet Forbes.
Gladys Fuller.
Ida Getsinger.
Howard Glen.
Bessie Hamilton.
Walter Hefner.

Claudy Heppner.
Estelle Magee.
Mabel Neff.
George Powell.
Paul Rothacher.
Edna Smith.
Groves Smith.

Hilda Steiner.
Cordelia Stutz.
Edith Waltrip.
Josephine Webb.
Florence Weindel.
Mary Wilson.
Frank Yenny.

"Up from the meadows, green with corn."—Octa Darr.

PUBLIC PROGRAMS.

Christmas Program.

| | |
|---|--------------------|
| Piano Solo..... | Maggie Mitchell |
| "The Vision of the Angels"..... | Blanche Cartwright |
| "A Russian Christmas"..... | Grace Shelton |
| Orchestra. | |
| "How the Other Wise Man Found the King" | Joyce Dixon |
| Orchestra. | |

Patriotic Program.**February 22, 1907.**

| | |
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|
| Piano Duet..... | Philomene Marum, Alice Ryrie |
| Address to the Flag..... | Alice Morris |
| Abraham Lincoln..... | Hannah Kranz |
| Gettysburg Address..... | Myrtle Volz |
| Piano Solo..... | Jaclyn Argo |
| Sheridan's Ride..... | Pearl Trube |
| An Incident of the War..... | Amelia Valentine |
| Violin Solo..... | Fred Haerberle |
| Marse Robert's Asleep..... | Alvira Haley |
| The Old Man and Jim..... | Mae Coulter |

Preliminary Intellectual Contest.

April 12th, 1907.

| | |
|---|--------------------|
| Music—Piano Solo..... | Verna Warner |
| Declamation—"Ole Mistis"..... | Edith Waldrip |
| "Spinster Thurber's Carpet"..... | Minnie Hughson |
| "The Description of a Siege"..... | Amelia Valentine |
| "Franz" | Alice Morris |
| "The La Rue Stakes"..... | Mac Macdonald |
| "The Chariot Race" (from Ben Hur)..... | Blanche Cartwright |
| Music—Piano Solo | Grace Gaukrodger |
| Oration—"The Americanization of the World"..... | Edgar Stevens |
| Oration—Edmund Burke..... | Clark Wells |
| Oration—"The Spirit of Martyrdom"..... | Mabel Uzzell |

Contestants chosen to represent Alton at Collinsville.

| | |
|-------------------|----------------|
| Essay | Ethel Richards |
| Declamation | Alice Morris |
| Oration | Edgar Stevens |

Arbor Day Program.**April 26, 1907.**

Piano Solo.....Myrtle Boals

Reading of the Governor's Proclamation.

RecitationWilliam Kramer

Violin Solo.....Fred Haeberle

The Purpose and Influence of Arbor Day...Johanna Masel

RecitationFrank Yenny

Vocal Solo.....Mildred Dixon

RecitationMabel Neff

Piano Solo.....Jaclyn Argo

"The perfect type of verdant efflorescent, effervescent
Freshies."—The class of 1910.

“TWA YEARS I KEN.”



N a warm September evening a somewhat disturbed individual might have been seen hurrying to a neighboring house. He must get up at three o'clock on the next morning and walk three miles to the branch line of the "Q" to there take the train for the Bluff City. He was to teach Mathematics and "Stunts" in the High School there, and was just a bit uneasy. Soon he returned from the house, with an alarm clock which needed some doctoring. With the aid of his mother's hairpin, by eleven-thirty he had succeeded in making the clock act somewhat intelligently, and retired for the remainder of the already well-spent night.

He awoke soon after to find the alarm clock stone dead, and his mother calling him from the foot of the stairs. His brother took him across the river in the little blue boat, and at six-thirty that evening he stepped on a banana peeling on the platform of the C. & A. depot in Alton. At six-forty-five he was in a "butcher's" chair on Piasa street. The "butcher," as is the custom of all good barbers, soon learned that he was to be the new teacher, but "lowed that he mought be best a-goin tu skool." The seven-thirty Sixth Street car took him to the principal's house. The door being opened, he said:

"Beg pardon sir, but is this Mr. Henry?"

"No, sir. This is Mr. Turner."

"Oh! I see. Excuse me, but I got you and the street mixed."

They had told me that I was to go to the corner of Henry street. Mr. Turner then rolled in and sawed open a large eighty-cent watermelon. The guest voted unanimously that this was the best eighty-cent melon he had ever eaten.

Monday morning came, and the new "Math." teacher ran the gauntlet across the front of the assembly room at eight-fifty-nine. Some one shouted "O yes! He looks like a coach; doesn't he?" So embarrassed was the new teacher at this that he "toed out" ever afterward.

Well, the first day went, and the first year and the vacation and another year. The summer came and "Old High" was out again. The fellow just out of college had learned to love the old school, her teachers and pupils,—and especially the fellows, and oftentimes would sit in the quiet of the evening's shadows and dream of the good old times and the loving, cheerful, kind friends at the school. He grew melancholy and sad for he was not to teach in Alton again.

He would recall again and again the kind words that were spoken to him and saw all of the games replayed,—the defeats and victories, the sorrows and joys that came with them,—and would twist his talkative member occasionally to make sure that Ed had not made him bite it quite off. He was again on the field with the fellows or in the "Gym" with the kind-hearted basket ball girls from whom he expected so much. He laughed to himself as he recalled the good old laughs they all had in class when he was in good humor and everything seemed funny,—and the banquets, and the stories he told to the Freshmen and Sophomores on the Junior Excursion, and the "stunts" with Mr. Bird and Mr. Richardson, and the parties, and the good times everywhere and all the time. All these came to him and he was reminded that it is not hard to realize the truth of the poet's words:

"Yet a little while, and thee the all-beholding sun shall see no more in all his course."

He is at school now, and is a pupil again. While his work is pleasant and interesting, yet it is no more so than when he was teaching in Alton. He thinks often of the old line-ups, and sees Ed and Roy and Stan and Albert and Herbie or Ellison on the football field in every game. He is sure there are few better. He knows that Gershom and Carlisle and Carl can play basket ball with any team he has seen.

A year or two and all the old ones will have left the High School to take up life's task. Whatever may be our fortunes this thing we well know: If we live up to those principles for which the "Old Alton High School" has always stood we shall not go astray. For my part I sincerely trust that "Boola-boola" or "See where the Alton banners fly" shall always sound like the best of music to us and at all times we may—

"Cheer for the Alton High School, her name shall never die."

A. E. BARRADELL.



A Race for the
Sheepskin

CLASS OF 1907.

COLORS—BROWN AND GOLD.

MOTTO:

"We strive for the highest."

HISTORIAN, MARGARET RADCLIFF.

PROPHET, EMMA JOESTING.

POET, EDITH VOLZ.

ORATORS, EDWARD BASSETT,

MABEL UZZELL.

SALUTATORIAN, LILLIE OBEN.

VALEDICTORIAN, ETHEL RICHARDS.

MEMBERS, 43.

BOYS, 12. GIRLS, 31.



EDWIN SPARKS, PRESIDENT.

"Whose lip is but enriched with one appearing hair."

ALONZO NEININGER, VICE-PRESIDENT.

"It is better for a young man to blush than to turn pale."

LUCY BRIGGS, SECRETARY.

"Rich in saving common sense."

GERSHOM GILLHAM, TREASURER.

*"Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadowed livery of the burnished sun."*

CARL BASSETT.

*"Observe my ease of manner and match
it if you can."*

EDWARD BASSETT.

"Nothing if not critical."

CARL BEALL.

"Full of sound and fury signifying nothing."

EDWARD BELL.

*"As idle as a painted ship upon a painted
ocean."*



LARETTA BIERBAUM.

*"I can speak German in three different
languages."*

VIRGINIA BOWMAN.

*"Tis good in every case you know
To have two strings unto your bow."*

OCTA DARR.

"A busy little maiden."

JOYCE DIXON.

"A future star!!"

MILDRED DIXON.

*"What a talent I have! God help me to
be humble."*

EDNA DOOLING.

*"Precious articles are done up in small
packages."*

OLIN ELLISON.

*"And still the wonder grows
That one small head can carry all he
knows."*

GERTRUDE GALLAGHER.

"Fashioned so slenderly."



GRACE GAUKRODGER.

"A sweet attractive kind of grace."

BERNICE GILLIAM.

"To know her is to love her."

JULIA GREEN.

*"My salad days, when I was green in
judgment."*

MINNIE HORN.

*"A silent thoughtful creature, grave, sin-
cere."*

HARRISON JACOBY.

*"Nature hath framed strange felices in
her time."*

EMMA JOESTING.

"A most contagious, jolly laugh."

JESSIE JOHNSON.

"A winsome wee thing."

AGNES KELLY.

"A springy motion in her gait."



MORELAND McPIKE.

*"Sche wolde weepe if that sche sawe a
mous."*

MARGARET MITCHELL.

"An ivory tickler of great renown."

GERALDINE MORRIS.

*"Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,
Nods and becks and wreathed smiles."*

EUNICE NOLAN.

"A still, small voice."

LILLIE OBEN.

"I most unspotted lily."

MYRTLE PAUL.

*"Though learned, well-bred, and though
well-bred, sincere;
Modestly bold, and humanly severe."*

CHESTER PIERCE.

*"I never thrust my nose into other men's
porridge."*

DAVID PRINCE.

"Two can live as cheaply as one."



ETHEL RICHARDS.

*"With learned mien
She burns the midnight kerosene."*

MARGARET RADCLIFF.

"Swariter in modo, fortiter in re."

THERESA RECHER.

*"And a'en her failings lean to virtue's
side."*

BERTHA ROENICKE.

"There's one modest and kind and fair."

THE PATLER.

49

ASHLEY TAYLOR.

*"I hear a hollow sound; who rapped my
knull?"*

AUGUSTA TRUBE.

*"Two lovely berries
moulded on one stem."*

SADIE TRUBE.

*"And gladly wolde sche lerne and gladly
teche."*



EMMA UNTERBRINK.

*"We Germans must
together sticken."*

MABEL UZZELL.

EDITH VOLZ.

*"Little infants of the time,
Who write new songs and trust to tune
and rhyme."*

ALICE WHITE.

HARVEST TIME.

Methinks I hear the ring of steel
And the sound of steady feet,
And see the harvester and scythe
And a field of golden wheat.

A smile plays o'er the wrinkled face
Of this rugged grand old fellow,
For Father Time himself has come
To claim the brown and yellow.

Does the grain then reach the standard
And favorably compare
With the hopes of early seed time
And four years of toil and care?

Thus with anxious heart I watch him,
For alas! I know full well
The kernel's weight and quality
None but old Time can tell.

And now the grand old husbandman
Views the field with tho'tful mien,
And a look of pleasure seems to light
His dear old face, I ween.

For here and there among the grain,
With quiet grace and ease
A black-eyed-susan's happy face
Is nodding in the breeze.

She came to us four years ago—
None her beauty could surpass—
To teach us love and sacrifice
As the emblem of our class.

What hero boasts of monument
For deeds of valor bold
That is one-half so beautiful
As this flower of brown and gold?

She mocks at time, this black-eyed Sue,
And from her golden tresses
Laughingly shakes the morning dew
To the south wind's soft caresses.

And therefore on Time's dear old face
There gleams a smile of pleasure,
Instead of weeds among the grain,
To find this gold-brown treasure.

The vision's o'er. Oh dear old High,
We'll pass e'er long from view,
Waving high our gold-brown banner,
Bidding all a fond adieu.

I hear again the sound of steel,
This time so soft and mellow,
As the mighty reaper swings his scythe
Into the brown and yellow.

The fragrant harvest time has come,
And I see with silent grief,
The class of nineteen seven
Bound up in Time's great sheaf.

E. M. V.

"I sleep—Wake me not."—Dick Sparks.



"I"—Jacob Lipsky.

YE CHRONYCLE OF YE SENYORS.



Thyfel in the moneth of September that many yonge knightes and faere mayden wenden on here pilgrimage to a straunge lond yclept Hihes-scole. Now thilke lond was far off and many daungers and batailles were to be foughten by thes knightes and laydes, so thei alle gon in oon companye, for protection and eke companiounschipe. Sene did this goodlie companye enter a contree, which highte Lond of ye Freshhemenne, and righte gladlie did thei enter. But no soner hadden thei alle comen in ye toun, thanne a grym giauntesse, that highte Algybra (who yearlie slough many of ye bravest Freshhemenne), overtook hem. Thanne did a fiers battaill rage and the cruell Algybra was put to flight by ye valiant knightes who hadden gret strengthe and cunning. And so they faren on here journeye. Sone thei neared a contree where reyned Geometrie, the twynne suster of Algybra; thanne did thes knightes rayse here Armece and the faere laydes boren biforn hem baners of brown and gold; and thanne was Geometrie agaste whanne that sche saw wommen fight in battail, and sche fledde in gret dismay.

Now thilke band wenten on here waye and after divers hardchippes did thei reach a playce yclept Countree of ye Junyors, and right joyfullie did thei enter ye citee, for no maner of wight hadde thei scene for many weekes. Ye kyng of ye Junyors welcomed alle ful pleasauntlie, and the knightes cleped he Syr Junyors, and the mayden, Layde Junyors; but ilke kyng was a man of gret cunninge (as alle Junyors be) and thanne he bade ye demon Physick, (a hidous creature, who inhabited a foul denne, Science, so full of evill formes that even ye armece of ye kyng was afrayed to meete her) to rusche uppon this brave companye and slaye them cruellie. But thilke knightes slewe her in a bloodie battail. Now whanne ye kyng did see thes weren menne of honour and prowessse, he promised hem faithfulie that if thei stayed in his citee, no maner of harme schoulde happen hem, and so thei alle abode in thilke lond.

And a bok did thei write, and in thilke bok did thei pourtray and write many merrie songes. And with much

jolitee thei wrote divers ballads about certayne knightes, who vied with hem in a turneyng at a small town yclept Edwardsville, and how thes straungers weren defeated. And thei sang of ye adventures of sondry classes of menne, yclepen Senyors, Junyors, Sophomores and Fresshemenne. Thanne thise Junyors, who weren barbarians (as thei be at the tyme I write), did look at thes pictures and drawynges, for nonne of hem coulde rede oon worde. And so ful of merrie deedes was thilke bok, that the envious Junyors (jalous of here fame) did hire hem scribes to write a bok in ye followynge year.

Suddenlie thes deceytful Junyors becamme angrie and drove the companye out of here lond. Thanne alle ye bande of youthes and laydes wenten on here finall journee, and sone did thei arrive at a beautiful countree which highte, "Hoom of ye Senyors"; and verrailly a lovelie and eke rich playce it is. Thanne did thes knightes chose a leader for to be here chief and him thei clepen "Sir Edwyn ye Goode," for goode and valiant is ilke knight and eke cunning; for on ye night here enemyes, ye Junyors, did rayse here standard, this worthie chief with the ayde of the flour of his knighthede, Monzo the Wyse, Syr Olyn the Faer, and Gershem the Lene, did hurl it down with gret force by the ayde of certayne tall poles, yclept clothes props, and thanne weren alle ye Junyors sore distressed and ran with a gret speed and said nothynge. On ye followynge night Syr Edwyn ye Goode did rayse his owne standard of broun and gold, and faer was it to look uppon, so rich and dazzyng were the colours; thanne whil this commaunder, with a few wel-chosen companiouns, did guard it faithfule, gaylie it floated on a most hie tour, much to the dismaye of ye Junyors.

In ye merrie moneth of May will there be a tournament in a feeld near Collinsville and alle ye knightes from alle ye countree round will jousten; thanne the most brave Senyor Knightes will eek go, and gret honour and many medaills will thei win, for menne who have overcome Latyn and ekk Germain will jousten bravlie.

Sone will this companie complete here travells; thanne will thilke knightes don black armour, which signifies gret strengthe, and ye laydes will robe themselves in snow white gounes, which colour denotes puritee and vertue. Thanne will ye facultee (thise be certayne learned menne and women, who love ye Senyors and helpen them in divers jeusts) give eche oon a parchment tyed with a gay ribband, as a token of love and friendschipe. Thanne

ilke knightes will mounten black chargers and ye mayden, milk white steedes, and far awaye will thei riden to enter ye wyde world. But verie successful will thei be in all here ventures, for eche oon is vertuous and stronge and has a goodlie quantitie of wisdom.

AUGUSTA L. TRUBE.

NEDDIE HAD A LITTLE CAN.

Neddie had a little can,
Its color was a reddish-tan;
He hung it on his desk one day,
Which made the scholars very gay.

A damsel fair of the faculty,
Came down the aisle quite haughtily.
She did not think such foolish pranks,
Did ever happen in the Senior ranks.

Her head was held so very high,
This pretty (?) can she did not spy,
Until at last it was too late,
The can had met its awful fate.

Her tiny feet had jarred its poise;
And the poor can made an awful noise.
She turned bewildered to seek its source,
And saw the can clang back and forth.

Professor B. C. Richardson
Laughed out-right at this jolly fun.
Likewise did all the students shout,
When Neddie led the poor can out.

K. C. H., '08.



TATLER.

A

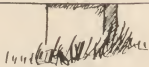
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CLASS OF 1908.

COLORS—DARK BLUE AND GOLD.

ONE-a-lacka! NINE-a-lacka!

Bow! Wow! Wow!

NAUGHT-a-lacka! EIGHT-a-lacka!

Chow! Chow! Chow!

A-a-lacka! H-a-lacka!

S! Boom! Bow!

VESTA BAUER,

whose name belongs on the Junior Roll, was compelled to leave school at the end of the first term and re-entered too late to have her picture appear with the class.

**EDGAR STEVENS, PRESIDENT.**

First in his own mind as well as in class
He'll criticise, judge you, and likewise "sass;"
As manager, too, he stands at the front,
But teaching geom. is his greatest stunt.

JACOB LIPSKY, VICE-PRESIDENT.

In height not more than five feet six,
He oftentimes his words doth mix;
Jake keeps an eye on every girl,
And tries right hard his hair to curl.

HARRY HERB, SECRETARY.

The rushing motor cycle fad
Has quite consumed this happy lad;
And if in school you think he's slow,
Just watch him try the hammer throw.

LEE HULL, TREASURER.

Although he is fond of studying books,
He has joined the union of master cooks:
For the thing that he does to a delicate brown,
Is roasting the pupils all over the town.

STANLEY ALLEN.

First we have on the Junior roll
Stanley so quaint and oh, so droll;
A runner is he as swift as the deer,
And nimble is he the hurdle to clear.

LORENA BAUER.

"Pleased with a rattle,
Tickled with a straw,"
As sweet a little infant
As ever you saw.

DOROTHY BLAIR.

Tall in height, yet she's not fat;
On the Junior question she stands pat;
Although her voice is soft and low,
Dorothy is by no means slow.

NELLIE BUND.

Nellie lives in the far East End,
To that district she charms doth lend;
When factory smoke obscures the sun,
Nellie shines forth like fire from a gun.



BLANCHE CARTWRIGHT.

An artist is she of great renown,
And Latin she reads without a frown.
You really ought to hear her declaim,
And then you'll appreciate her fame.

HELEN CHAPMAN.

Her complexion's a dream,
It's peaches and cream;
And she's brains not a few,
There's enough here for two.

LULU COYLE.

Lulu! Oh my, how small is she!
Scarcely higher than grandpapa's knee.
As Lulu sits in the school-room seat,
Two large books are under her feet.

HAROLD CURDIE.

This boy, although he is no fool,
Tried to show how to run the school;
But alas! his object was lost to view
In a string of demerits, 1+2.

FLORENCE DAWSON.

She's not small, no, not at all;
In size and shape like a poplar tall;
And her walk, oh my, it makes me sigh,
It's the envy of all the passers-by.

NETTIE ELBLE.

Sawed off, hammered down,
Short but sweet,
She's always prim
And extremely neat.

MARY ELLISON.

From off the farm our Mary came,
With rosy cheeks and sturdy frame;
Her leisure time she doth employ
In making eyes at each passing boy.

LOUIS EXOS.

Louis's name doth head the roll
Of those that love the vaulting pole;
And he'll yet be, a prophet said,
An athlete greater than even Ed.



MARGARET GALLAGHER.

She's possessed of a wonderful laugh;
It's really so sweet,
That you jump to your feet
At a sound like the bawl of a calf.

NINA GASKINS.

From early morn till late at night,
Nina does nothing but write and write;
She's perfectly sane in other ways,
Letter-writing is her one craze.

HERBERT GILL.

A mechanic, so I've been told,
Who labors for pleasure and gold;
And a sailor with gun in hand,
Ready to die for his native land.

HARRY GOUDIE.

Harry's a boy of studious bend,
To nothing but books doth he attend,
If he were invited, truant to play,
I wonder what Harry would say!!

BESSIE GREEN.

This maiden fair, as all may see,
Sheds plenteous tears full readily;
Of letters she writes each day a score,—
One beau won't do, she must have four.

NELLIE GREEN.

What's the matter with Nellie, pray?
A cat stole her tongue the other day;
What an awful thing for a cat to sneak!
Now Nellie sits and can not speak.

MILDRED GWINNER.

The most proper member of the class
Of 1908 is this fair lass;
She never uses the telephone though,
For she never deigns to say "hello."

KATHRYN HANAHAN.

Feeble and weak, but prim and meek,
And everything else that's good;
Her hair is sleek, and pale her cheek,
She never does grin when she should.



HENRY HARMS.

He makes the most of every minute,
Completes a task if told to begin it,
Not a second small does Henry waste;
His motto is, "Don't fool, make haste."

VIRGINIA HARRISON.

Quiet and good, does what she should,
Of her actions such is the style;
Her face is fair, good marks her care,
And she never your anger doth rile.

LILLIAN HAZELTON.

Quiet, demure, is this maiden fair,
Blue her eye and brown her hair;
In demeanor good, in manners coy,
She never speaks to any mere boy.

EMILY HOPPE.

Poems galore doth this maid indite,
From early morn till late at night;
In fact, she writes so many rhymes,
She loses track of places and times.

HARRY KUHN.

This gent's most wonderful quality
Is not that he came from over the sea;
Nor does he happen to be a king,
But he's a duke,—the real live thing.

LELA LANG.

When she's here, she's a dear—
Alas, she's oftentimes wanting.
She's the peer of any near
But never is found vaunting.

NELLE McCREA.

Nelle commands the basket-ball team;
Though fleet of foot, in body lean;
The live-long day she busily plays,
And makes a racket to rival the jays.

MAMIE NIXON.

How doth this busy little maid
Employ each shining eye,
And change expression of her face
For every passer-by!



VICTOR NUTTER.

He's a captivator of hearts,
Of hearts both young and strong;
For he's a mixer of love's elixir,
And can catch any girl with a song.

AURELIA OBERMUELLER.

Of her quietness we are proud.
She's never noisy and never loud;
And then in books she's perfect, too,
And knows far more than Seniors do.

FRANKLIN OLIN.

As lazy as only a Chief dare be—
I know this for I've been there to see.
He'll give directions that make you weep,
And while you're working, he will sleep.

EDGAR PAUL.

As straight as a poplar,
Brave-looking, too;
I've heard he's a quitter,
Don't believe it, do you?

FRIEDA PERRIN.

She knows quite a lot, for such a small
tot,
Her mark she will make, though a girl;
She's cool as is shown by her quiet tone,
When the rest of our heads are a swirl.

ANNA RATH.

As straight as they make 'em, you see;
And in class exceedingly bright;
Her answers are clear as can be;
She studies real hard every night.

LILLIAN RICE.

A sister, a twin, who raises a din,
This maid quite oft gets the giggles;
As she is a beauty she thinks it a duty,
To be quite consumed with the giggles.

VIVIAN RICE.

She eats puffed rice, and that is why,
This maiden grew so very high;
It gave her, too, a perfect brain,
Which even Latin does not strain.



ALEX ROBERTSON.

Oh, why does he think it a
Sin to pick locks,
And none to display such
Awful loud socks?

GRACE SHELTON.

As wise as Minerva and beautiful too,
With a finer name than Kalamazoo;
For I wager that you have never met a
More pleasing name than Grace Bellretta.

RICHARD SPARKS.

Every day, at break of dawn,
Dick on his pony goes galloping on;
And the early bird doth softly say,
"He'll surely catch a worm some day."

THOMAS STANTON.

Speak of Stanton and it calls to mind
The noisest boy of the Junior kind.
He may be little—now that's no joke,
But he is louder than other folk.

MARCUS TAYLOR.

An athlete of fame, a business man too,
He easily does what Seniors can't do;
He tells us also most wonderful tales,
Of spearing of gars and catching of whales.

GERTIE TEMME.

She is, as all the Juniors know,
Thoroughly Irish from top to toe;
And when the Juniors a champion need,
The foe of Gertie should take good heed.

MINNIE VOGEL.

This lady is bright and surely a light,
All duty she strives to fulfill;
She commits but one sin, it lieth herein,

*That she writes just like this straight
down-hill.*



PAULINE TONSOR.

A word to the wise is sufficient,
All Juniors are wise we know;—
When P. T. falls from the housetop
You'd better look out below.

CELINE WEBB.

She's such a squelcher, it makes one sigh,
You dare not even wink your eye;
The only thing she's found O. K. yet
Is a fine young man,—a brave cadet.

LEILA WITT.

Did you ever sit and ponder
Why Leila's such a wonder?
She never gets the worst of it
Because she has such brilliant wit.

MABEL YAEGER.

Extremely cute, forever a joy,
Delight and envy of many a boy,
On study and work this girl doth dote
And never was known to get into a boat.

JUNIOR CHARACTERISTICS.

AS Freshmen—serene, as Sophomores—serener, as Juniors—serenest. This somewhat flattering estimate of the most evident characteristic of the present mythically and extraordinarily brilliant company of humans, known as the Class of 1908 of the Alton High School,—this estimate, I say, of the aforementioned class has been repeatedly expressed by certain lions of learning. That this assertion is true I will proceed to demonstrate by a methodically correct and, as I pride myself, although not strictly in accordance with any recognized analytical method, still necessarily self-evident to those possessing that mental quality known as common sense,—by such a method, with a reason simple in itself, but extremely conclusive will I convince you of the truth of this estimate.

The aforementioned reason is as follows: The various members of classes other than the Class of 1908, have,—and it is a cause for sorrow,—fallen into a habit which proves their inferiority to the Class of 1908 in respect to serenity. This habit consists of—and although I apologize for the vulgarity of the term, still it is undeniably unusually expressive—a process known as “cramming” before the monthly tests kindly submitted to our attention by the various members of our illustrious faculty. It is not the purpose of this manuscript to elucidate the definition of any words whose meaning may be shadowed with a slight doubt, hence I will leave the literal significance of “cramming” to be imagined or perhaps more properly to be ferreted out, by which process I sincerely hope no erroneous conclusions will be reached.

As has been ascertained times innumerable, the practice mentioned above is most certainly not prevalent to any extent among the members of the Class of 1908. Thus since these things are true, and indeed since any hint to the contrary would be excruciatingly and painfully cruel to the finer sensibilities so highly developed in our age, they must be true. After considering with that faithful pertinacity characteristic of this school’s pupils and patrons, the

evidence at hand, it is the author's firm and unalterable belief that this simple argument may be lucidly and clearly presented before the discerning mind of the reader.

Then, leaving in the peruser's mind the firm conviction of the superiority of the Class of '08 over other less phenomenal classes, let us turn our attention to a subject, which, though hardly worthy of the grave consideration herein given, still deserves at least a brotherly and perhaps even complimentary mention; let us turn then, to that highly amusing not to say comically ludicrous conglomeration of imperfect physical formations and even more poorly developed mental capabilities—The Freshman Class.

Right here I had best say for the purpose of the enlightenment of the more ignorant that translations of the foregoing and even the following may be had in the simplest words from the Editor-in-Chief.

The following is a verbatim chronicle of a conversation between an ignorant Freshman and a highly educated Junior, who has soared into the realms of knowledge, cast off the smothering blanket of ignorance and has loosed the powers with which nature has kindly endowed the inner chambers of the minds of the most fortunate:

Freshman—Say, does O. K. on your paper mean all right?

Junior—Such doth the earthly state of worldly affairs decree.

Freshman—(considerably astounded and visibly abashed)—Then why don't the teacher put on A. R.?

This, as I may have before made plain, is only one of the grains of sand in the mighty seashore of unalloyed, unprejudiced evidence which all contribute to the self-evident conclusion of the wonderful difference between the inky dark ignorance of Freshmen and the celestial brightness of praiseworthy wisdom in Juniors.

Still with the characteristic foresight innate in the constitution of the Juniors, they have been able, by means of a slight use of their acute reasoning powers, to lay forth the fact in all its entirety that the Freshmen are one and all undeniably excusable for their seemingly persistent lack of mental power.

Hence though with but little effort the Freshmen may be excused, still it is beyond the power of humans and even Juniors, to ransack the closeted stores of knowledge and learned heads and to secure from these miscellaneous reservoirs of wisdom any excuse in the least way plausible or fitting for the inexplicable, unsophisticated, and surprisingly queer not to say incomprehensible conduct of the Sophomores and Seniors.

However, since it is not the purpose of the author to disparage the various ~~chances~~ attendant at our noble educational institute, I will close with a sincere request that these unfortunates will hereafter pattern after those, who, though still human are at the present time becoming aware of sensations attendant on the growth of beautiful white wings,—Look up then, to the noble class of 1908.

WAR.

Miss Gilmore often tells the class
When the lesson's rather rough
How each and every lad and lass
Recites, not long enough.

It happened on one winter's day
With Freshmen on the floor,
Not one in all the dumb array
Knew anything of "war."

At last a bright idea came
Unto brave Elden B.
And what this bright idea was
We very soon shall see.

He put his hand up, just a mite—
He thought she'd not observe,
But when she said, "Well Elden," oh,
He almost lost his nerve.

He fumed and squirmed and kicked the seat
And said something like German,
But finally murmured, red as a beet,
"I'm only quoting Sherman."

He tried to stop right then and there
But there Miss G. would dwell,
At last came boldly from his chair
This brave speech, "War is Hell."

And then for some unheard of cause
As why a dead cow's beef
Miss Gilmore did not even pause
Or say, "Oh, that's too brief."

THE ESCAPE.



LOOKING down Summit street hill you will see a wall of white stones which marks the site of the old penitentiary. This weather-beaten wall brings to mind the old prison and the unfortunate prisoners of the Civil War. I have often heard an uncle of mine, who is an old soldier, tell stories of the war time and one story which he was particularly fond of telling was about the ingenious escape of three Confederate soldiers from this old jail.

These men, owing to the crowded condition of the jail during the last years of the war, were confined with three others in a narrow cell. When they were put in this cell, they found the other inmates very weak and ill from confinement and lack of exercise. The six men had not been in the cell more than a month, when one evening the guard, who came to bring in their supper, found that three men had died during the afternoon. The narrow pine boxes were brought in and as the guard was about to place the dead bodies in them, one of the prisoners, who wore the ragged uniform of a captain, stepped forward and asked if he might perform the last sad services of respect for his dead comrades. The guard gave his consent readily, glad to escape so unpleasant a task and left the cell.

When the guard had gone, the captain paced up and down for a few minutes in deep thought. Presently he turned to his companions and held a short whispered conversation. He briefly told them of an idea he had by means of which they might escape. Of course it involved great risk, but anything was better than inactivity. They wrapped the corpses in blankets and laid them in the darkest corner of the cell, where the men were accustomed to sleep. They then took the place of the corpses in the coffins, carefully putting on the lids, and awaited developments.

In a short time the guard returned with six men to carry out the coffins. He glanced into the corner and saw that the men were apparently asleep; then he turned, and, as the lids of the boxes were already on, he drove some nails in each lid to keep it in place. When this was done, the men picked up their lids and carried them into a room apart from the jail to await burial.

Early in the morning Uncle Dan, the old colored man, whose work it was to carry the dead soldiers to their last resting places, came with his horse and wagon and carried the boxes away. The morning was gloomy and foggy and the town was still half asleep when Uncle Dan and his grewsome load started slowly up State street hill. In the '60's Alton was much smaller than it is today and when the funeral cart reached the top of State street, it neared the edge of town. When the houses were left behind, the solitude of the country road began to work on Uncle Dan's imagination and he felt very lonely and forsaken. When he saw the graveyard through an opening in the trees, cold chills began to chase each other up and down his back and he began to wonder whether the ghosts might not be walking; and besides it wasn't a very pleasant job to bury dead men, even if they were "rebs." While the old fellow was thinking of these things, the horse was jogging along a country road fringed by tall corn. When a crow began to "caw" in mournful accents and a black cat slunk across the road, Uncle Dan's kinky hair began to rise. Those were sure signs of bad luck and no rabbit's foot charm could turn away such signs as those.

Just then there was a great commotion in the rear of the wagon, a great creaking and tearing of wood. Uncle Dan's hair stood straight up now and his hat flew off as he turned his head just in time to see three very lively Confederate soldiers jump off the tail end of the wagon and run into the corn field. He was so terrified by this sudden resurrection of the dead that instead of turning around and going back to the prison, he whipped up his horses and never slacked his furious pace until he reached the inn at what is now North Alton.

When the penitentiary officials heard of the escape, a posse was sent in pursuit of the prisoners, but it was too late, for the Confederates had crossed the river and once in Missouri, were safe in their own lines. The three dead soldiers were buried that same day, but Uncle Dan did not drive the funeral cart.

MAMIE NIXON.

"In each cheek appears a pretty dimple."—Margaret
Gallagher.

ALTON FIRST IN POLE VAULT!

Word has just been received that Louis Enos won first place at Champaign in the Pole Vault, jumping 10 ft. 11⁵/₈ in., and now holds the state high school record. Stanley Allen won fourth place in the 50 and 100 yard dashes.



10 ft. 11⁵/₈ in. A JUNIOR, of course!





Second Year, Second Section.



Second Year, Second Section.

SECOND YEAR—SECOND SECTION.

COLORS—SCARLET AND BLACK.

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 Harvey Harris.

Kathleen Heskett.
 Helen Hope.
 Kendall Hopkins.
 Harry Johnston.
 Edward Juttemcyer.
 Mamie Kelsey.
 Hilda Kohler.
 William Korte.
 Hannah Kranz.
 Eunice Lavenue.
 Amelia Ledy.
 Ruth Loeper.
 Viola Loarts.

Hallie Mae Logan.
 Lela Logan.
 Stanley Lynch.
 Lillian Marsh.
 Joseph Mangan.
 Philomene Marum.
 Frederick McPike.
 Kirk Mook.
 Alice Morris.
 Nellie Mottaz.
 Ernest Netzhammer.
 John Olin.
 Leland Osborne.

Roll Continued.

Fern Oulson.
Raymond Patrick.
Elda Paul.
Ethel Paul.
Lanretta Paul.
Pearl Paul.
Wilma Pierce.
Edna Radcliff.

Mildred Redmond.
Hortense Rodgers.
Nettie Roseberry.
Mae Rowan.
Mice Ryrie.
Edna Sawyer.
Rebecca Schwartz.
Nelson Schweppce.

Walter Smith.
Lester Snell.
Florence Steiner.
Sanford Taylor.
Lelia Tribble.
Pearl Trube.
Minnie Uebelhack.
Amelia Valentine.

Myrtle Voss.
Verna Warner.
Tilton Wead.
Clark Wells.
James Wilson.
George Yackel.
Fay Yaeger.

FOUND—On May 6, on the first floor of the A. H. S. Building, at the foot of the girls' stairway, a dark brown switch containing one hairpin. Owner can obtain the same by applying to the janitor and paying storage charges.

THE CLASS OF 1909.

We've passed two years of High School life,
And oh! the fun we've had!
We are always termed "the teachers' pets,"
Because we're never bad.

The nicest seats in the room are ours,
Through the window the balmy wind blows;
And on the floor, at our very feet,
The sun his bright rays throws.

In Geometry we're so *very* bright,
We can prove a circle a square!
Oh! when it comes to smartness,
The Sophomores are there!

We're the first class in the High School
To take German the Second Year;
And already we're excellent Dutchmen,
All constructions are *so* clear.

Of all the beautiful languages,
Spoken by human tongue;
None but this jaw-breaking German,
Affords the learner such fun.

Our faces twist in fantastic shapes,
In attempting those awful sounds;
And even our brains twist into kinks,
And our thoughts stray out of bounds.

"Was hat jedes Kind?" the teacher asked,
The answer should "parents" he;
But "Etern" had slipped from the mind of N. S.
So "einen Vogel" said he.

A boy, who is perfectly rational,—
No one ever said he was not,—
Arose one day, and calmly declared
That the ice in the pitcher was hot!

Again, when over-zealous,
A bashful youth rose, and said;
"Ich liebe dich," to our teacher,
Sat down and turned quite red.

And once upon the black-board
Appeared a startling fact;
"I have eaten my father," said someone,
Just think! in white and black.

But we shall master this German,
And shall excellent Dutchmen be;
For the Sophomores *always* conquer,
And we'll conquer this, you'll see.

On the memorable day of the class-meet,
When the red and the black waved high,
And we gained victories, one after one,
Till we heard the Juniors sigh;

We saw their pale lips quiver,
And heard them begin to fuss;
So we let them win the victories,
Now, wasn't that sweet of us?

We have kind and unselfish natures,
The teachers treat us fine;
They'll forever be proud to own us,
The "Class of 1909."

BERTHA FIEGENBAUM.

"I say, isn't she the dearest creature that ever walked!"
Miss Naylor.

FOUND—In room 4, seat 3, aisle 6, one piece of gum
sticking to back of seat. Owner can have same by prov-
ing property and paying for this insertion.

THE SOPHOMORE LEGION.



THE Sophomore legion has gained many brilliant victories during the present year. When school began in September, we naturally desired the choice seats near the south windows and were much disappointed to find that the Juniors, who had arrived before us, had taken possession of them. At that time we did not have sufficient confidence in ourselves to try to drive out the gigantic Juniors, but when we heard that they wished to keep the pleasure of studying German all to themselves, we rebelled. We invaded the German class-room in force, and on account of *our* bravery the teachers surrendered and allowed us to study the language of the brave and warlike Germans. Thus we won a great victory, but were not yet satisfied. We studied military tactics under Caesar himself and secretly made plans to attack the Juniors on the twenty-eighth of January. Choosing Generals Logan and Johnston for our leaders, we took the enemy completely by surprise and threw them into such a panic that they did not stop fleeing until they reached the extreme rear of the room. This was indeed a famous victory.

In English, Latin and German, we have associated so much with verbs that we have absorbed most of their qualities. What else does a verb denote but *action* and are not the Sophomores in *action* all the time? Most of us are "transitive" and have an "object" of completing the High School course in another year or two, but a few are "intransitive" and do not seem to care how long it takes them. Most of us live in the "active" voice, but a few, such as Daisy Campbell and Sanford Taylor, are "passive" and "suffer" falls and tumbles. Most of our number are "present" on all occasions, a very few are "imperfect" (at least when viewed through the teacher's microscope), some work only in the "future," most of us are "perfect" and form good examples for the young Freshmen; while those who are not perfect at present intend to be "future perfect," and may success attend them.

—Contributed by a Sophomore.

A DISAPPOINTING DREAM.

A FEW nights ago I had a dream which seemed the most realistic I ever experienced. Probably an overdose of supper was the cause of it, but, like the supper, it was good while it lasted. After having had various mental disturbances during my slumber, it seemed as though I suddenly awoke to find it broad daylight in my room. And yet, as I looked around, after sitting up in bed, it did not seem to be my own cozy, comfortable room with all my familiar possessions in view, but a very elegant apartment. I rubbed my eyes and pinched my arms to make sure I was in my right mind, and it seemed that I was. Just as I arose to investigate my surroundings, I happened to notice that my hands looked thin and shrunken, and then a glance at my feet showed them to appear the same. This gave me a surprised and uncomfortable feeling, and I hastened to investigate further. Putting a hand to my head, I was astonished to find it completely bald; this discovery disturbed me so, that I jumped for the mirror in a beautiful dresser across the room. My limbs felt old and stiff, much to my annoyance, but imagine the dismay with which I viewed my own likeness in the glass! An old, wrinkled face confronted me, with a prominent nose, a drooping mouth, and deep seams and furrows in the cheeks, surmounted by a high and bare skull of a head. In front of the glass lay a wig, which I felt must belong to me, so I hastily put it on, and it improved my appearance considerably. There seemed something familiar about my face, but I could not divine what it was. Seeing what I supposed must be my clothes on a chair, I slowly and doubtingly got into them. They were evidently what I had been wearing, as they fitted me perfectly, but they seemed unnatural in cut and material. After completing my dressing, I involuntarily ran my hands through my pockets and brought out, to my great amazement, handfuls of money and valuable papers. A glance at the papers and it came over me with a rush,—“I am John D. Rockefeller!” I was quite overcome for the moment, but quickly recovered myself, and resolved to make the best of it.

A knock at the door of the room was followed by the entry of what I saw was a valet, who looked his discreet

astonishment at finding me already dressed. He informed me that breakfast was ready to be served, and this I was glad to hear. I managed to find my way to the breakfast room, where there was spread an appetizing assortment of food, and a bread and milk set. I ignored the latter, and pitched into the hot food, like a hungry boy, causing wondering looks from the attentive servant.

On finishing the meal, I was asked if my carriage should be ordered, but I decided to take a walk to accustom myself to my new character and surroundings. I stepped into a street lined with handsome houses and strolled along aimlessly to see what would turn up. A newsboy ran up with the morning papers and I handed him a ten dollar bill and told him to keep the change. He seemed stupefied by my action, and gazed after me as though he thought I must be drunk or crazy. The realization that I had quantities of money then came over me,—more money than I could spend, and I determined to scatter some of it to amuse myself and astonish others. Meeting a poorly dressed woman with a flock of small children, I told her that I owed her fifty dollars and handed over the money. She had no chance to say anything, for I hurried away without looking back.

Then I took a notion that I should like to ride, and seeing an automobile store across the street, went over and told the proprietor that I wanted the best automobile he had. He seemed to recognize me and lost no time in showing me his stock. He recommended one at \$4,000.00, which I promptly paid him, without seeming to reduce my supply of money. I then hired one of his men as chauffeur and away we went, slowly at first and then faster and faster, out on the fine boulevards. People stopped on the sidewalks to watch us, other vehicles and teams hustled out of the way, policemen tried to stop us, but on we went, faster and faster, until we could not see anything as we whizzed along. Suddenly there yawned in front of us a deep chasm. There was no time to stop nor to turn. Straight toward it we rushed! I gave an awful yell and took a flying jump, felt a tremendous thump, and landed on the floor of my own familiar room. Such a disappointment! I was not Rockefeller after all!

S. K. T., '09.

Mr. Richardson (absently at 8 a. m.)—Good evening.



Second Year, First Section.

SECOND YEAR—FIRST SECTION.

COLORS—BLACK AND GOLD.

OFFICERS.

| | |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| President | WINFREY GREGORY |
| Secretary | HOYT COX |
| Treasurer | MAE MACDONALD |


Estell Beatty.
 Florence Bell.
 Dorothy Burns.
 Ollie May Campbell.
 Lenora Cartwright.
 Chester Cousley.
 Hoyt Cox.
 Alphonso Derrick.
 Clara Fiedler.
 Senia Fiedler.

Anna Freeman.
 Winfrey Gregory.
 Lillian Hamilton.
 Bertha Hoffman.
 Warren Hoffman.
 Minnie Hughson.
 Estella Jackson.
 Etta Jones.
 Eva Kelley.
 Lenora Koch.

Florence Kulm.
 Julia Linnan.
 Mae Macdonald.
 Johanna Masel.
 Edith Matthews.
 Mae Matthews.
 Julius Meisenheimer.
 Earl Miller.
 Warren Mullen.
 Frieda Netzhammer.

Ora Redmond.
 Irene Riehl.
 Amelia Ringemann.
 Ernestine Rost.
 Herbert Schaefer.
 Edith Schwaab.
 Margaret Stack.
 Frank Stowell.
 Irene Threde.
 Paulina Zimmerman.

CLASS HISTORY.

NE day in the early part of September about nine years ago, troops of children gathered in the primary rooms of the different schools of this city, whose purpose was to prepare themselves to explore the kingdom of knowledge. Even while we were very small we were told by our teachers, that if we studied well and showed ourselves brave and faithful, we would be permitted to finish our training in a beautiful place called High School. At first we were too childish to think much about this, but as we grew older we became very anxious to see this wonderful place. The time came at last when we were told by our teachers, that our training with them was finished, and we might start on the road to High School, but that we must stop at Lincoln Halfway House, and make our final preparation. Here the large band from Humboldt met smaller bands from Irving, Lowell, Garfield and Washington. After a year of hard drill, we were given a ticket by the principal for admission into the High School, and entered here January 26, 1907.

The first thing of any consequence, that happened to us, was when the photographer appeared on the scene and we realized "We were to be taken." Our fears began to vanish and we thought if this was a forerunner of what our four years were to be, we would be able to hold out, but these illusions like our fears soon vanished, and we found out that we were expected to do something else beside "looking pleasant."

While we were still Freshmen, the boys tried to hold up the honor of the class and entered the preliminary track meet, but we received no points. We did not wish our boys to feel discouraged, but urged them to remember the proverb, "If at first you don't succeed try, try again." This year our boy entered again, and again we received no points. The class, however, intend to take up a collection and purchase our one champion a copy of the story of Bruce and the Spider.

Now that we have passed from the Freshman to the Sophomore year, we have reached that point, where we can

look backward as well as forward, and as we have viewed the entrance of the two last Freshman classes we began to feel of some importance, so we organized our class, elected our first officers and chose our colors.

We have progressed very fast in our studies. We have learned almost enough in these two years to graduate, but expect to remain two years longer so that E. B. may have time to learn to spell "prepared" and that D. B. may succeed in pronouncing her favorite word "duokaitriakontahedron." She has obtained full instruction from the English teacher about its pronunciation and expects to be able to say it fluently after only two more years of practice.

FLORENCE KUHN.

MR. WATSON'S PHILOSOPHY.

One day with thoughts on Physics,
A study in the courses,
We chanced upon a chapter,
Which dealt with "couple forces."

Said wise, young Mr. Watson,
With a twinkle in his eye,
Addressing a fair maiden,
Who seemed to be quite shy:

"Now can you not the properties
Of couple forces show?"
She answered "Mr. Watson,
I really do not know."

Then said Professor Watson,
"I'd be very glad to hear
The answer to this question,
Will someone volunteer?"

"The principle is easy,
Your mem'ry will ne'er be taxed,
If you will only bear in mind
How a couple usually acts."

FRESHMAN





First Year, Second Section.



First Year, Second Section.

FIRST YEAR—SECOND SECTION.

COLORS—LIGHT BLUE AND GOLD.

Captain of Athletics—JAMES COLEMAN.

CLASS ROLL.

Percy Beall.
 Stanley Beck.
 Elden Betts.
 Marguerite Bickel.
 Lovie Blanton.
 George Boyd.
 Alfred Bratfish.
 Edith Browne.
 John Carstens.
 Sidway Clement.
 James Coleman.
 Lucie Craig.
 Madeline Day.
 Joseph Degenhardt.
 Florence Dick.
 Laura Diez.
 Robert Dooling.

Dorothy Dorsey.
 Nellie Eppley.
 Harriet Forbes.
 Ruth Freeman.
 Gladys Fuller.
 Ida Getsinger.
 Howard Glen.
 Warren Gratian.
 Fred Haeberle.
 Bessie Hamilton.
 Julia Harrison.
 John Hays.
 Walter Hefner.
 Clausy Heppner.
 Edith Hoppe.
 William Kramer.
 Eva Lavenue.

Bertha Lee.
 Estelle Magee.
 Stephen Mathews.
 Thomas McCarroll.
 George Mook.
 Ruth Moran.
 Augustus Morgenroth.
 Mabel Neff.
 William Pace.
 George Powell.
 Dell Riley.
 Josephine Rippe.
 Paul Rothacher.
 Eulah Sheets.
 Phil Sheridan.
 Addie Smart.
 Edna Smith.

Groves Smith.
 Hilda Steiner.
 Cordelia Stutz.
 Pearl Summers.
 Elliott S. Taylor.
 Elliott F. Taylor.
 George Thomas.
 Minnie Votterott.
 Louis Walter.
 Edith Waltrip.
 Josephine Webb.
 Fred B. Weld.
 Florence Weindel.
 Le Roy Wilding.
 Mary Wilson.
 Joseph Wright.
 Frank Yenny.

THE PATRIOTIC CLASS.



THE Freshman Class is the patriotic class of the High School. How can we help but make history every day with such members as Philip Sheridan, George Thomas, Hayes, Jackson, Lee, Hamilton, Brown, Taylor, Carson, Wilson and Smith, all of whom everyone recognizes as prominent historical characters, and Louis Walter, son of the ex-state senator? We are so very patriotic that Mr. Richardson changed our seats up to the front part of the room, just before Washington's birthday, that we might inspire the Sophomores when they gave their patriotic program.

We have two Elliott Taylors in the class. Elliott F. is famed as an artist, while Elliott S. is a famous orator. You probably may be inclined to doubt this last statement, but we can prove it, for when Demosthenes was asked what was the first quality of an orator, he answered, "Action;" and which was the second, he replied, "Action;" and which was the third and he still answered, "Action." So anyone who has ever seen Elliott will agree that he is an orator.

The Seniors may talk about their giants, but they are not to be compared to the small boys in our class. Why the Senior boys were not large enough to have a single name on the High Honor Roll, while our smallest boy represented the Freshman Class.

The class is also very popular, especially certain members; if you do not think so, ask some of the Sophomore boys. Even the school board recognizes the importance of our class, for upon our entering the High School, they employed four new teachers and after we had been there only five months they employed another. When the people heard of the renown of the Freshman Class, pupils came from Grafton, East Alton, South Alton and Jerseyville to join our class. No one can deny that we have at least one Smart scholar, which is more than any other class has, and every one knows that if the High School pupils make any progress they must follow our Pace.

E. DOROTHY DORSEY.



First Year, First Section.

FIRST YEAR—FIRST SECTION.

COLORS—PINK AND TAN.

OFFICERS.

| | |
|----------------------|------------------|
| President | OLELIE FREDERICK |
| Vice-President | EMILY HOEFERT |
| Treasurer | LULU FELDWISCH |

CLASS ROLL.

Hattie Bilderbeck
Myrtle Boals.
Jessie Botkin.
John Boyle.
Mabel Coyle.
Lulu Feldwisch.
May Foreman.
Theodore Forniahl.
Olelie Fredeking.

Rex Gary.
Mae Hamilton.
Florence Harris.
Frances Harris.
Nelson Hawkins.
Emily Hoefert.
Philip Hoffmann.
Helen Holl.
Paul Jacoby.

Elizabeth Johnstone.
Angelica Kauffman.
Ruth McHolland.
Jennie McKee.
Louis Mueller.
Verna Nickels.
George Pierre.
Lelia Rodgers.
Frank Rothweiler.

Ruby Russell.
Pearl Shearlock.
Karel Schmoeller.
Della Trout.
Mary Tryon.
Victor Volz.
Josephine Waldrup.
William Weber.
Cora Wuerker.

A SIX MONTHS' CRUISE.



On the 25th day of January, 1907, a ship lifted anchor in Lincoln Harbor, and was launched upon the high sea. It was a clear, cold day, a gentle breeze was blowing, which made the sails Russel, and the sun cast its Ruby rays on the sea. This kind of weather did not last long, for during the night, a dreadful storm came up, which made the waves grow so large that they nearly dashed over the Hull of the ship. So we got to land as soon as we could, and threw out large Coyles of rope, and anchored until the sea grew calmer, so we could continue our voyage. The Mary passengers, Emily Hoefert, Karel Schmoeller, Lelia Rogers, Cora Wuerker, Josephine Waldrip, Jennie McKee, Theodore Formhals, Mattie Bilderbeck, Lulu Feldwisch, Louis Mueller and Verna Nickels, passed the time in pleasant conversation, but finally they wanted something to entertain them. So Willie brought in some music to Tryon the Weber piano in the cabin, which was beautifully decorated with Myrtle. They were also entertained much of the time by the Victor talking machine. The most popular passenger was Rothweiler, a Frank sort of fellow, but everybody seemed to like him.

The second day there was a case of sickness, John was troubled with a Boyle. There happened to be a doctor on the ship; he lanced the boil and took some stitches in it with a Botkin. In a few days it was well. This was the only case of sickness on the way over.

The day before we landed, we saw many Rex, but were unable to save anyone. We landed in Holland about four o'clock. The first two men we met were Hoff and Kauff. They had the twins, Frances and Florence, with them. As we had no place to stay, they took us to a pleasant hotel called the "Jacoby Inn;" the proprietor was a friend of ours, whom we had not seen for a long time. After we had stayed there for a few weeks, we went to Germany. While there, we went hunting for Pearls two or three times, but did not find any. On our way home, we heard that the king had been cast in prison. Displeased with this, we took the matter in our hands, and with a great deal of work; we Freed-a-king; then we started for home.

This time we took a faster vessel, and soon reached Johnston. When we got there, we were glad to see Hawks-in-stead of storks on the shore. And when we reached the river we saw Trout in place of large whales. In May we started from New Orleans, and came up the river to Alton, where the ship is being repaired, but will start out again in September.

MYRTLE J. BOALS.



MUSIC



Delmar Linder
MAYHEW-MOOK.

HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA.

Leader, B. C. RICHARDSON.

Piano Harry Goudie

First Violins { Harold Curdie
Kirk Mook
Fred Haerberle

Second Violins { Dorothy Burns
Joe Degenhardt
Warren Hoffman

Cello Martin Bristow

Bass Leland Osborne

"Truly, I would the jester had made thee jester!"
Edgar Stevens.

CHORUS.

Maud Ballenger.

Lorena Bauer.

Florence Bell.

Marjorie Betts.

Myrtle Boals.

Lucy Briggs.

Daisy Campbell.

Helen Chapman.

Laura Diez.

Joyce Dixon.

Mildred Dixon.

Elizabeth Eberhardt.

Virginia English.

Bertha Fiegenbaum.

May Foreman.

Ruth Freeman.

Alvira Haley.

Kathleen Heskett.

Emily Hoefert.

Helen Holl.

Edith Hoppe.

Minnie Hughson.

Ruth Lecper.

Viola Loarts.

Hallie Mae Logan.

Estelle Magee.

Johanna Masel.

Eunice Nolan.

Fern Oulson.

Edna Radcliff.

Margaret Radcliff.

Hortense Rogers.

Alice Ryrie.

Edna Sawyer.

Eulah Sheets.

Florence Steiner.

Hilda Steiner.

Minnie Votterott.

Edith Waltrip.

Verna Warner.

Tilton Wead.

Florence Weindal.

Cora Wuerker.

Estell Beatty.

Gershom Gillham.

Harvey Harris.

Nelson Hawkins.

Paul Jacoby.

Louis Miller.

Raymond Patrick.

Edgar Paul.

George Pierre.

Dick Sparks.

Ned Sparks.

Frank Stowell.

Victor Volz.

Joe Wright.

Frank Yenny.

"It is good to bluff if you can bluff good."—Nina Gaskins.





FOOT BALL TEAM.

| | |
|------------|----------------|
| GOULE | Center |
| GILL | Right Guard |
| BEATTY | Left Guard |
| DORSEY | Right Tackle |
| MATHEWS | Left Tackle |
| GILLHAM | Right End |
| BIERMAN | Left End |
| BEALL | Quarterback |
| ALLEN-PAUL | Right Halfback |
| ELLISON | Left Halfback |
| L. ENOS | Fullback |

Coach—C. A. Watson.

RECORD OF GAMES.

| | |
|--|------|
| October 13—Alton vs. Carrollton, at Carrollton | 0—13 |
| October 27—Alton vs. Jerseyville, at Alton | 51—0 |

'06 FOOTBALL.



THE foot ball season of 1906 was about as short as it was long, consisting of one victory and one defeat. The defeat came first and on account of the supernatural circumstances responsible for it, it had the effect of twenty-three defeats all rolled together and handed to the team at one time. Carrollton was the instrument of fate on that day, the 13th of October, and before our team arrived there, in fact on the way up on the train, we were defeated. Everybody had been uncertain about playing on the 13th, but then that might mean defeat for Carrollton also; however, when somebody happened to count the number of players and found there were just thirteen of them they all felt ready to croak. Some of them even wanted to jump out the windows and walk home, but the train was going too fast and so they had to go on to Carrollton. After arriving in Carrollton there was no getting out of the game, but our team couldn't have beaten a team from the Jacksonville Institute that day. But they had not seen the last of that unlucky number, for just to add the final straw and put the team completely out of business, the score was 0-13. When the team got home they were about as sick a looking bunch of fellows as ever happened and for a week even the thought of foot ball would make them groan.

However a "hoodoo" like that could not be allowed to hang over future teams, so the fellows got together and defeated Jerseyville by 51-0. But the effects of that 13-13-13 were not to be shaken and with the prospect of a good basket ball team, foot ball was put out of commission for the rest of the season.

ORIGINAL.

Two triangles are equal if their bases are measured by the same arc.—Originated by Dick Sparks.

BASKET BALL—SEASON OF 1906-1907.



THE Basket Ball season of '06-'07 was a record-breaker; it was in every way a yelling and shouting success. Large and enthusiastic crowds came out to all the games and the game itself was boomed greatly by this year's team. After warming up in three practice games, U. Alton (94-10), St. Patrick's (79-8), and U. Alton again (95-1), we played the opening game with Litchfield at Litchfield. The Litchfield rubes, imagining that basket ball was a sort of indoor foot ball, wore their foot ball togs and put up an awfully good game—of football. They could not understand the meaning of foul and neither could the spectators; also they were not bashful about saying so; in fact things were rather warm for a while and the score of 35-21 in our favor seemed quite satisfactory.

Granite City was the next and everybody took especial pleasure in seeing them trimmed, 82-6.

Yeatman High of St. Louis was No. 3 on the list; about all they did was to make wild tries for goal. The score was 39-9.

Now came the game with Shurtleff, the fastest game of the season. Everybody went wild when, in the last ten minutes of play, Shurtleff was found to be 7 points ahead. Then we got a field goal and Shurtleff got one immediately afterwards. The only thing that saved us was Gillham's goals from the foul line, for Gillham was steady as a rock, while the Shurtleff man was way up in the air. When the whistle blew Gillham was in the act of throwing the goal that won the game, 39-38.

Our most dangerous (!!!) rivals in the city, the Alton Business College, came next and it was an A. B. C. game. If you should ever bump into anyone who thinks that A. B. C. = A. H. S., just tell him that A. B. C. = 6, A. H. S. = 82.

The day after this game, some of the old grad's who *used* to play the game were back home for the holidays.

These got together and challenged us. It really was a shame to skin them so, but we couldn't spoil our record, so we did our painful duty, 31-17.

We next had the pleasure (?) of playing another foot ball bunch—Hillsboro. They went back home with a score of 62-7 to explain.

After this we played the St. Patrick tribe again to warm up for the return game with Shurtleff. We got warm to the extent of 73-14.

Shurtleff insisted on playing on the W. M. A. dance floor, which is so slippery that basket ball is a perfect farce when played on it. We didn't permit ourselves to be bluffed, however, and played them. A funny thing happened to the floor, while we were warming up, for when the whistle blew it wasn't a bit slippery, but was even sticky in spots—queer, wasn't it? Anyway we seemed to have the advantage of Shurtleff, for with Gillham out of the whole game and Paul out in the last part, we skinned 'em to the tune of 16-10. And we got home *quite* safely—thank you. Mr. Richardson was so pleased with this victory that he treated the team to an oyster supper (um!! yah!! yah!!) at the A. B. C.

After this we played the St. Pat's again, 70-0. Paul broke the record for goals in this game, throwing 18 field goals, an average of almost 1 every two minutes.

Next game was with Madison, at Madison, in an overgrown cubby hole where the foul lanes could have shaken hands with each other in the center and where the baskets were within easy gunshot of the ceiling. The walls of this coliseum were covered with wall paper that made you rattled when you looked at it, but in spite of all these things, and with Beall out of the game with a sprained ankle, we rolled up a score of 83-20.

The next game with North Side Y. M. C. A. of St. Louis proved more interesting, for they played a fast game, and with the score 12-15 in their favor at the beginning of the second half, we were well satisfied with 20-23 in our favor at the end.

Upper Alton was next with a score of 25-14. The only thing remarkable about this game was the referee: compare a score of 25-14 with one of 95-1 and you will see how remarkable he was. The police force of Upper Alton,

BASKET BALL TEAM.

CARL BEALL,
Left Forward.

LOUIS ENOS,
Right Forward.

EDGAR PAUL,
Center.

DAVID PRINCE,
Left Guard.

GERSHOM GILLHAM,
Right Guard.

FRANKLIN OLIN,
Substitute.

AN UNEXPLAINED COINCIDENCE.

Absent without leave March 15, 1907:

Edgar Paul.

Harry Mathews.

Nina Gaskins.

Virginia Bowman.

Gershorn Gillham.

Carl Beall.

Bessie Green.

Mabel Yaeger.

THE TEAM THAT MADE OLD ALTON FAMOUS.



the record for the season, eighteen field goals in forty minutes or an average of about one every two minutes, which is going some.

CARL CHUTES-BASKETS BEALL, left forward, plays a snappy, sensational game, takes long chances for goal and

GERSHOM GOAL-GETTER GILLHAM, who has played three seasons of basket ball, is right guard, and when it comes to playing the game, he has left the milky way and become a star of the first magnitude. If such a term as a "pinch hitter" were known in basket ball, Gillham would be it, for when the score is close Gillham always manages to save the game with a few goals when they are most needed. His experience makes his passing steady and accurate so that when he gets the ball you can always depend on his placing it where it will do the most good.

DAVID DANDY-PASSER PRINCE is the other guard. His is a graceful and seemingly effortless style of play, but he is always alert and never loses a chance for goal nor gives his guard one. He has a particularly neat way of making his forward look foolish, for when the latter tries to catch the pass, Prince, by that little wiggle of his, gets in front somehow and the ball is ours again.

The only one of this bunch who can talk back to the referee is EDGAR EIGHTY-POINTS PAUL, center. He plays a "non stop high speed gear seal in" game from start to finish, and if the game is close, his high speed is something terrific. Also he can throw goals; in fact, he holds

drops them into the basket too, just to help the score along. After the ball has been worked down toward goal you can usually find Beall "reddy" to try another shot.

LOUIS LONGSHANKS-EATEMALIVE ENOS, right forward, plays a fast, steady and cool-headed game. He never goes up in the air except to get a high pass, and when he goes after the ball he usually gets it. In quick and delicate shots under the basket he is there with the two points every time, and more than once his foul throw has helped us out of a close pinch.

This bunch of stars, most of whom learned the game under Mr. Barradell, owe much of their success to Mr. Watson's intelligent coaching and unfailing enthusiasm. Everything seemed to combine to help Mr. Watson in making this team the best yet. When we were all wondering who would take Ed's place, we heard that Paul was coming back to school and we knew that he was the man; then foot ball was given up and additional time for practice was gained. This extra practice resulted in a whirlwind game and perfected the team plays, as is shown by the scores, for it takes chain lightning team work to put the ball in the basket more than forty times in forty minutes. Another point in which Mr. Watson showed his knowledge of the game was in his principle of advancing the ball, by a series of short, quick passes, with no particular method of delivery, but with quickness and accuracy emphasized. What made this pass completely effective was the clever device of looking at one player while passing to another, thus putting any sort of blocking to the bad.

IN THE PHYSICS ROOM.

Mr. Watson (turning a machine vigorously).—This-a machine-is-a-turned by a-crank.

"And of his port as meke as is a mayde."—Louis Enos.

BASKET BALL RECORD.

1906.

| | | |
|----------|---|-------|
| November | 6—High School vs. Upper Alton (practice)..... | 94—10 |
| November | 15—High School vs. St. Patricks (practice)..... | 79—8 |
| November | 20—High School vs. Upper Alton (practice)..... | 95—1 |
| December | 1—High School vs. Litchfield..... | 35—21 |
| December | 5—High School Seconds vs. Granite 8..... | 56—10 |
| December | 7—High School vs. Granite City..... | 82—6 |
| December | 8—High School vs. Yeatman..... | 39—9 |
| December | 17—High School vs. Shurtleff..... | 39—38 |
| December | 20—High School vs. Business College..... | 80—6 |
| December | 21—High School vs. Alumni..... | 31—17 |

1907.

| | | |
|----------|---|-------|
| January | 11—High School vs. Hillsboro..... | 62—7 |
| January | 24—High School vs. St. Patricks..... | 73—14 |
| January | 28—High School vs. Shurtleff..... | 16—10 |
| February | 6—High School vs. St. Patricks..... | 70—9 |
| February | 8—High School vs. Madison..... | 83—20 |
| February | 9—High School vs. Litchfield..... | 64—17 |
| February | 20—High School Seconds vs. Granite 8..... | 36—15 |
| February | 23—High School vs. North Side Y. M. C. A..... | 26—23 |
| February | 26—High School vs. Upper Alton..... | 25—14 |
| March | 1—High School vs. Hillsboro..... | 38—7 |
| March | 2—High School vs. Madison..... | 60—13 |

Total 1192—275

BASKET BALL RECORD.

Girls' Basket Ball Schedule.

| | | |
|----------|---|-------|
| November | 16—High School vs. Alumnae (practice) | 23— 3 |
| December | 29—High School vs. Central | 6—28 |
| January | 12—High School vs. Union Club | 16—17 |
| January | 19—High School vs. Central | 7—27 |
| February | 1—High School vs. Shurtleff (practice) | 23— 3 |
| February | 12—High School vs. Shurtleff (practice) | 27— 4 |
| February | 16—High School vs. Yeatman | 19—18 |
| February | 21—High School vs. Shurtleff (practice) | 31— 2 |
| February | 23—High School vs. Union Club | 27— 9 |
| March | 16—High School vs. East St. Louis | 22— 9 |
| March | 23—High School vs. East St. Louis | 23— 1 |

Class Basket Ball Games.

| | | |
|----------|--------------------------------|-------|
| February | 26—Senior vs. Junior Boys | 17—23 |
| February | 27—Senior vs. Junior Girls | 3—13 |
| February | 28—Sophomore vs. Junior Girls | 6—12 |
| February | 28—Sophomore vs. Freshmen Boys | 23—11 |



GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM.

| | |
|--------------------------------------|---------------|
| IMO GILLHAM | Right Forward |
| EUNICE NOLAN | Left Forward |
| DOROTHY BLAIR | Center |
| NETTIE ROSEBERRY | Right Guard |
| NELLE MCCREA, Captain. | Left Guard |
| GRACE SHELTON, KATHLEEN HESKELL..... | Substitutes |

"Lack of kindly warmth."—Gymnasium.

"I was raised on 'melons' food."—Nettie Roseberry.

THE BASKET BALL SEASON.



AS I hastened down to the Gym. one evening after school I chanced to hear the following conversation between the two iron posts, which have caused the girls so much distress.

"Gee, it's hot," said Post No. I.

"It certainly is, but the girls will be down pretty soon and open the windows, and we shall soon get cool," answered Post. No. II.

"That's so. Say, by the way, did you notice that game they played with the Alton Alumnae?"

"No, I didn't see that game; some one at the start, gave me such a knock with her head, it brought on a dreadful headache and I went to sleep. Tell me about it."

"Well it was on the 16th of November, and altho it was only a practice game, as it was the first game of the season, the girls were quite excited. They played very well considering the circumstances. Two of the Alumnae's team failed to come, so they used two of our girls for substitutes. The final score was 23-3 in our girls' favor.

"Well, that was fine, so sorry I didn't see it. Did you hear the girls talking about the St. Louis Alumnae game? They ran up against something pretty hard when they played them."

"Yes, I heard someone mention it. They played the Saturday after Christmas, didn't they?"

"Yes, and they were beaten badly too. You know they went down to

St. Louis about five o'clock, and took lunch. I heard one of the girls say she ate so much coming home, she wouldn't want anything more for a month."

"You don't say so. What was the score?"

"28-6. Our girls didn't feel bad over this defeat, because their competitors were so large and strong.

"I shouldn't think they would feel bad. They had a fine time when they played Union Club, didn't they?"

"I don't know, no one confided in me."

"I overheard them say that they were just treated royally. They went down in the morning, and went to the different girls' homes for dinner. Then after the game they had lunch. The score was 17-16 in favor of Union Club." Our girls were terribly disappointed, but all agreed that they had a grand time. All the Union Club girls were so nice."

"I imagine so; the return game with Central High Alumnae was just as bad."

"Yes, if not worse."

"Those girls surely could throw the ball back over their heads and they always made it a point to hit *me*. And that Miss Hensall nearly knocked me down when she hit me."

"She was rather large, wasn't she?"

"Well, rather!"

"Wasn't their first practice game with Shurtleff on the first of February?"

"Yes, and Shurtleff made three points in the first five minutes. My, our girls were frightened. But then they began to play and held them down. The score was 23-3 in our favor."

"23—Skidoo, wasn't that fine!"

"By the way, what was all that commotion around you, the other day?"

"I don't know, I didn't quite understand; someone, I don't know who, wrote E. C. W. & E. K. W. on me. The girls seemed to think it was *very* funny."

"What do the letters stand for?"

"I haven't the least idea; I would like to know, myself."

"What were we talking about? Oh yes, basket ball. Our girls went to St. Louis and played Yeatman on the 16th. They had a hard game but finally were victorious. They missed the train and had to stay in St. Louis until 9 o'clock. They had fun, I tell you."

"I bet on them for having fun. I wish I was a girl, instead of an old iron Post."

"I'd play basket ball, wouldn't you?"

"You bet I would! I'd be the star player."

"Whom did they play next?"

"They had another practice game with Shurtleff and altho we had two substitutes on our team the score was 31-3 in our favor."

"On the 23rd the Union Club girls came up here. Our girls worked all morning fixing for them. They must have had a nice lunch upstairs in the office. I saw all kinds of bundles passing the door."

"Oh, I know what they had, let me see, sandwiches, potato salad, pickles, olives, cheese, cheese crackers, oranges, bananas, grapes, ice cream and cake; I think that's all."

"Goodness, that's enough!"

"I should say so; I shouldn't have minded being there."

"Nor I; wasn't the score 27-5 in our girls' favor?"

"Yes. What was the last game they played out of town?"

"It was with East St. Louis. My but they could chew gum. Whew! Our team went there on the 16th of March. The girls on the two teams were about the same age and they had a fine time. The 'gym' was not as large as this one, and altho it did not have such dreadful looking posts as you and I, it had pipes over the baskets, so that you had to get under the basket to throw the ball in. They could not throw the goals, so gave to each team credit for one-half the fouls made on the other side. The score was 22-9 in our girls' favor. They had luncheon afterwards, but the girls had to hurry to catch the car—so didn't have time to eat much."

"That was too bad; but I wager that they had plenty."

"The next Saturday East St. Louis came up here, and was beaten worse than ever—23-1. It was so hot, it's a wonder they could play at all. Our girls took them down to the A. B. C. for lunch."

"Girls certainly do have fine times. They are always giggling. Listen to them now."

"What did you say?"

No wonder the Post couldn't understand, for just then the girls came bounding into the "gym;" and nothing else is audible when the Basket Ball girls are in the "gym." Thus ended the conversation of the two iron Posts.

Miss G.—What is chaos?

Helen.—A large mass of nothing.

Miss G.—What is an Excise Commissioner?

J. L.—Er—I think it's a mailman.

WARNING.

To whom it may concern.—Do not lend your watch to the basketball girls if you wish to keep the contents secret.

"I'm short and plump. That's all."—Edith Hoppe.

THE CLASS MEET.



THE annual class meet is an event which is looked forward to by every member of the dear old High. Even the haughty and dignified Seniors become somewhat excited. The meet of 1907 was held April 4. Light showers had fallen Wednesday evening, the night before the eventful day, much to the sorrow of the poor Juniors, for the pretty gold in their uplifted banner was turned into a decided green, making a very appropriate standard for the Freshmen, but out of place in the ranks of the Juniors.

Thursday dawned bright and clear, just cool enough to be pleasant. The pupils could not be expected to study, nor did they. At length they were free, and all made a mighty rush for the best places to witness the 50-yard dash. How excited we were—how we shouted! Then through the calm (?) air we heard:

"On your mark, get set."—Bang—. There is no need to say that the Juniors won first and second places with Stanley and Harry in the race. Nothing else could have been expected.

Then the shot put. Oh! how we scattered when Olin Ellison put the shot! And really, judging from his maneuvers, there must have been considerable danger. The first place was given to him; the generous Juniors and Freshmen were satisfied with second and third. How the Seniors and Sophomores shouted! one would have thought that something wonderful had happened; to the Seniors it seemed so, coming so unexpectedly. Just think, first place! Whew! The Juniors take such things calmly—as insignificant trifles.

After this, all made a scramble to obtain good positions for the quarter mile. Again the Seniors let forth some of their undignified yells. No wonder, for Edgar did do well for one of his size. But their shouts were soon drowned, for the Juniors, as they returned to their former positions, broke forth with such unearthly screams and pointed upward in so mysterious a manner that one would have thought the comet had really come. As the Seniors turned their gaze in the direction indicated, their look of horror and disgust was amusing to see; for there, gracefully

floating in the gentle breeze, was the Junior flag. And the strangest part was that the Seniors could not get it down. So they appealed to the janitor, whose heart was softened by their downcast faces, and he kindly hauled it in.

The Juniors were again triumphant in the Pole Vault, winning first and second places. Why, Louis just tried once, to show them what he could do, and it wasn't necessary for him to try again.

The Seniors began to grow sad, for in the 100-yard dash Mr. Watson's "cannon" failed to do its duty and only clicked instead of delivering one of its thundering reports. The poor Senior who started too soon was set back a yard. Perhaps (?) he would have won had this not happened, but it did. At any rate the Juniors were victorious.

The Standing Broad Jump was gracefully won by the Junior contestant, the Sophomores winning second place, and the Seniors third.

In the half mile the Seniors woke up and became more energetic, scoring eight points, while the Juniors scored only one point.

In the Running Broad Jump the Junior man would have carried off the honors but it happened to be his sixth event, thus breaking that rule, that one contestant could enter only five events, so the Seniors received first place, and, as the Sophomores yell says, "For the Juniors 23."

The Juniors were downcast when the 220-yard was called; but when they saw Stan and Harry their faces brightened considerably. Just try to imagine the Juniors' delight when they saw Stan and Harry leading the way with the Senior not far behind. And imagine their horror when Harry fell down! but the kind-hearted Senior stopped and picked him up.

Of course the Senior giant got the hammer throw; no one but Seniors could produce such a giant.

By this time the various classes were in the highest pitch of excitement for the Seniors had 45 points and the Juniors 44. Everyone realized that the crisis was near, that everything depended on the relay. The only thing the Juniors thought of was whether Stan and Harry could run. Some even retreated to the background with covered faces, not able to stand the excitement. At length the teams were started. How long it seemed before the first man reached the second! In the first part of the race the Juniors and Seniors were about even, but in some manner, on the last stretch the Juniors got ahead. How the Juniors shouted when they saw Stan coming down the track and

pass the line hardly running, while the Senior came in panting, a good 25 yards behind. And then amid thundering applause the victors gave their final yell.

I a lack a, **9** a lack a
 Chow, chow, chow,
O a lack a, **8** a lack a
 Bow, wow, wow,
A a lack a, **H** a lack a
S boom bah!

Thus ended the class meet of '07, with the score as follows:

Seniors, 48.

Sophomores, 9.

Juniors, 49.

Freshmen, 2.

PHYSICS.

Mr. W.—How does a couple act?

H. H.—Opposite.

Mr. W.—Yes, Henry, they generally do.

"She would laugh at the wagging of a straw."—Lorena
 Bauer.

1907 CLASS FIELD DAY

EVENTS.

1. 50-Yard Dash.

Time: 5 3/5 seconds.

| | |
|-------------------|-----|
| 1st—Allen | '08 |
| 2nd—Goudie | '08 |
| 3rd—Gillham | '07 |

2. Shot Put.

Distance, 34 ft. 10 in.

| | |
|----------------------|-----|
| 1st—Ellison | '07 |
| 2nd—Enos | '08 |
| 3rd—Degenhardt | '10 |

3. 440-Yard Dash.

Time: 53 seconds.

| | |
|----------------------|-----|
| 1st—Paul | '07 |
| 2nd—Goudie | '08 |
| 3rd—Fitzgerald | '07 |

4. Pole Vault.

Height, 9 ft. 5 in.

| | |
|------------------|-----|
| 1st—Enos | '08 |
| 2nd—Taylor | '08 |
| 3rd—Prince | '07 |

5. 100-Yard Dash.

Time: 11 3/5 seconds.

| | |
|-------------------|-----|
| 1st—Goudie | '08 |
| 2nd—Prince | '07 |
| 3rd—Gillham | '07 |

6. Standing Broad Jump.

Distance, 9 ft. 3 in.

| | |
|-------------------|-----|
| 1st—Enos | '08 |
| 2nd—Bristow | '09 |
| 3rd—Prince | '07 |

7. 120-Yard Hurdles.

The mystery of the Class Meet
or
WHO? hid the hurdles.

8. Running High Jump.

Height, 59 in.

| | |
|-------------------|-----|
| 1st—Enos | '08 |
| 2nd—Bristow | '09 |
| 3rd—Prince | '07 |

12. Half-Mile Relay. Time: 1 minute 57 seconds.

1st—Juniors, 49.

2nd—Seniors, 48.

3rd—Sophomores, 9.

9. Half-Mile Run.

Time: 2 minutes 24 seconds.

| | |
|------------------|-----|
| 1st—Paul | '07 |
| 2nd—Sparks | '07 |
| 3rd—Enos | '03 |

10. Hammer Throw.

Distance, 103 ft 10 in.

| | |
|---------------------|-----|
| 1st—Ellison | '07 |
| 2nd—Neiminger | '07 |
| 3rd—Herb | '08 |

11. 220-Yard Dash.

Time: 23 3/5 seconds.

| | |
|--------------------|-----|
| 1st—Allen | '08 |
| 2nd—Paul | '07 |
| 3rd—Johnston | '09 |

12. Running Broad Jump.

Distance, 18 ft. 11 in.

| | |
|-------------------|-----|
| 1st—Gillham | '07 |
| 2nd—Prince | '07 |
| 3rd—Coleman | '10 |



Delmar Stender

MAXINER—MOOK.

M. C. H. S. A. and A. H. S. RECORDS.

| Events. | A. H. S. | M. C. H. S. A. |
|--------------------------|--|---------------------------------------|
| 50-Yard Dash..... | 5 3/5 seconds—Allen.....'08..... | 5 3/5 seconds—Dial, Granite. |
| 100-Yard Dash..... | 10 2/5 seconds—Allen.....'08..... | 10 2/5 seconds—Dial, Granite. |
| 220-Yard Dash..... | 23 3/5 seconds—Allen.....'08..... | 24 4/5 seconds—E. Enos, Alton. |
| 440-Yard Dash..... | 53 seconds—Paul.....'08..... | 56 seconds—E. Enos, Alton. |
| 1/2 Mile Run..... | 2 min. 10 sec.—Goudie.....'08..... | 2 minutes 13 seconds—Beatty, Granite. |
| 120-Yard Hurdles..... | 18 seconds—Beall.....'05..... | 16 3/5 seconds—Varnum, Granite. |
| 1/2 Mile Relay..... | *1 minute, 31 seconds.....*1 minute 31 seconds. *(Allen, E. Enos, Goudie, Mathews.) | (Allen, E. Enos, Goudie, Mathews.) |
| Running High Jump..... | .63 inches—E. Enos.....'06..... | .63 inches—Varnum, Granite. |
| Running Broad Jump..... | 18 feet 11 1/4 inches—E. Enos.....'06..... | 19 feet 2 inches—Parr, Granite. |
| Standing Broad Jump..... | 9 feet 11 inches—E. Enos.....'06..... | 9 feet 11 inches—E. Enos, Alton. |
| Pole Vault..... | 10 feet 2 1/2 inches—E. Enos.....'08..... | 9 feet 4 inches—Varnum, Granite. |
| 12-lb. Hammer Throw..... | 155 feet—E. Enos.....'06..... | 130 feet 2 inches—Neining, Alton. |
| 12-lb. Shot Pnt..... | 41 feet 2 inches—E. Enos.....'06..... | 39 feet 8 inches—E. Howe, Granite. |

"He had an insuperable aversion to any kind of profitable labor."—Loomis Dorsey.





JOKES



PRIMER.



See how be-wil-der-ed the teacher looks. What is it that bewilders him so? Somebody has taken the poor man's chair on the platform. Will he be obliged to stand? I do not think so. Maybe someone will take pity on him and give him a chair. Perhaps nobody will be so kind. What will he do then? Oh, dear! Let us not talk about such a cat-as-tro-phe.

Do you see the two boys? Their names are Jacob and Harry. Their last names are Lipsky and Mathews. Are those not pretty names? What are the boys doing? They are trying to debate. Some day they will be noted for their great debates, maybe. Can they debate now? No, but they think they can.



PRIMER.



See the two men! They are B. C. R. and E. C. W. What are they doing? They are sitting in the choo-choo cars. Where are the choo-choo cars? They are at Alton. Do the men know they are at Alton? No, isn't it too bad? Will they be carried on to Godfrey? No, for in a minute the kind conductor will tell them where they are. Then they will get off.

"The hairs of my head are numbered,"—Mr. Richardson.

"Ma, I want to be a dude."—Stanley Allen.



See the aut-o-mo-bub-ble! See the boy and see the girl, too. The boy's name is Louis. What is the girl's name? The girl's name is Hallie Mae. Did he take her out riding? Yes, but the wheel came off. What did they do? Louis got out and put it on. And will it come off the next time he takes her out riding? I hope not. But this is a secret. You must not tell anyone. Louis does not want anybody to know it.

"Comb down his hair! Look! Look! It stands upright!"—Mr. Watson.

A COMEDY IN THREE ACTS.

ACT I.

All night before our great class meet,
Four Juniors toiled in rain and sleet,
The flag they raised. It's hard to say,
But Seniors had it down by day.

The curtain falls on act the first,
With right forever suffering worst,
But this is custom as you know,
And soon the strength of right will grow.

ACT II.

The day, the meet, first run, first heat,
The Juniors now are on their feet.
They win. Hurrah! Then as in law,
The Seniors start with vim to jaw.

They talk and jaw and all the while,
They watch the end of the quarter mile.

Then coming back to toil and drag,
Observe o'er all the Junior flag.

ACT III.

The meet is done. The right has won.
The Junior runners beat the sun.
But as to make it right with spite
The Seniors float their flag by night.

What was the use? We do not know.
It may have eased their conscience though,
But this was not to last for long,
The flag came down before first gong.

Oh, deep humiliation sad! Oh sorrow for
each lass and lad!
For Seniors driven almost mad,
With faces long and looks forlorn,
Pulled down their flag in early morn.

FORTUNE TELLER.

Which was—Which is—Which shall be,
 "Oh could we lift the future's sable shroud."

Past.

Geraldine Morris.....
 Edith Volz.....
 Edward Bell.....
 Loomis Dorsey.....
 Eunice Nolan.....
 David Prince.....
 Olin Ellison.....
 Margaret Radcliff.....
 Joe Mangan.....
 Ned Sparks.....
 Lucy Briggs.....
 Gershom Gillham.....
 Kirk Mook.....
 Harrison Jacoby.....
 Octa Darr.....
 Julia Green.....

Eating Quaker Oats,
 Shocking.
 Drawing pictures.
 In A. H. S.
 Gym.
 Cadet.
 Farmer.
 Henry St.
 Smith Academy.
 Mamma's boy.
 Down on the farm.
 Gasman.
 Tall.
 Druggist.
 Dow.
 Green.

Present.

Looking pleasant.
 Stunning.
 Drawing girls.
 In A. H. S.
 Gym.
 Benedict.
 Senior.
 North Alton.
 A. H. S.
 Sport.
 Skipper of her own brig.
 Gassy.
 Taller.
 Wad-shooter Senior.
 Alton.
 Lean.

Future.

The smile that won't come off.
 Killing.
 Drawing salary.
 In A. H. S.
 Jim.
 Hen-pecked.
 Doctor.
 California.
 Barnum's circus.
 Papa's secretary.
 She'll lose the briggs.
 Circus "barker."
 Tallest.
 Edison junior.
 Farmer City.
 Neither.

"And sleepin' through the class wi' open ey."—Lucy
 Degenhardt.

A FRESHMAN TALE.

Hearken ye Freshies to this tale of bliss
Of two of your number, ye know them I wis,
One's a young lady; the other plain boy,
If desiring the lady's name just write to Le Roy.

They are charming young people I'd like you to know
And always are getting their lessons, just so.
But their standing in school is not here nor there,
It's the sweet tale of joy that makes my pen tear.

He with his broad grin, she with her smile
Last half sat back of the transverse aisle.
He was in front of her, one seat or two,
You'll see why I mentioned this e'er you are through.

He had a looking glass with which to view
His regular features and hair of dark hue,
But the terrible use which he made of this tool
Was surely an improper caper for school.

For he turned it and twisted in each way he could
Till he had a reflection which did his heart good.
'Twas a beautiful picture, a maid sweet and wee
Whose name is uncommon; it begins with an E.

She would smile at him sweetly thru his looking glass
Tho you'd really not think it of the dear little lass.
Then his brave (?) lips would quiver and his eyes
would grow dim

As he thot of the sweet things she was thinking of
him.

But time changes all things as you have heard tell
And the young folks believe it, indeed very well;
For their seats are now changed and alas and alack
When he looks at her now he sees only her back!

And of all the fond treasures he'll keep in his store
To fondle and cherish and keep evermore,
There's none half so precious as that small looking
glass,

Which so faithfully imaged the sweet little lass.

Moral.

Oh, wise learned Seniors who Freshmen decry,
Don't think you know all, cause you've gone thru old
"Highl."

For you readily see from this story just told
You may learn from the Freshmen some things bright
as gold.

CLUBS.



Sociæ Cadetorum.

COLORS—LIGHT BLUE AND RED.

| | |
|-------------------|------------------|
| Captain | Nina Gaskins |
| First Lieutenant | Celine Webb |
| Second Lieutenant | Jaclyn Argo |
| Sergeants | { Lulu Coyle |
| | { Rhea Curdie |
| Corporals | { Bessie Green |
| | { Mabelle Yaeger |

CLUBS.

Phi Eta Gamma.

| | |
|----------------------|-----------------|
| President | Kathryn Hanahan |
| Vice-President | Kirk Mook |
| Chief Chewer..... | Lorena Bauer |

ACTIVE MEMBERS.

| | | |
|--------------------|---------------------|---------------------|
| Louis Enos. | Robert Dooling. | Ruth Freeman. |
| Elliott F. Taylor. | Thomas McCarroll. | Eunice Nolan. |
| Nettie Elble. | Ruth Leeper. | Fred Weld. |
| Emily Hoppe. | Blanche Cartwright. | Warren Hoffman. |
| William Korte. | Sidway Clement. | Pearl Summers. |
| Mabelle Yaeger. | Elliott S. Taylor. | Ernestine Rost. |
| Stanley Allen. | Eulah Sheets. | Frank Stowell. |
| Mabel Coyle. | Joe Mangan. | Lulu Coyle. |
| Wilnot Black. | James Coleman. | Margaret Gallagher. |

"Girls! Girls! How I love the girls!"—Victor Nutter.

CLUBS.

The Benevolent and Illustrious Order of Knockers.

Motto:

I KNOCK; YOU KNOCK; WE ALL KNOCK.

| | |
|-----------------------------|---------------|
| Chief Knock de Knock..... | Carl Beall |
| Chief Carpenter..... | Ned Sparks |
| Heap Big Hammer..... | Harry Goudie |
| Knight of the Nail Keg..... | Harold Curdie |
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LOST—On the evening of April 4, somewhere between 6 p. m and 8 a. m., one good night's sleep. The finder please return at once, as it is of no value except to owner.

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Motto:

NEUE BESEN KEHREN GUT.

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Grace Shelton.

Kathryn Hanahan.

Nelle McCrea.

Dorothy Blair.

OBSERVATIONS OF A JUNIOR.

Nelson Schweppe can't leave the Wead alone.

A Senior never betrays, by his facial expression, his thoughts—he hasn't any.

The heating apparatus always fails on *Saturday*.

Whenever the Physics teacher is in an exceedingly happy mood you can wager your last cent that Uncle Sam brought news from—

The Junior class is like a three ringed circus; there is always "something doing."

Mamie Nixon is like the earth—she can't keep still.

A Latin student always wishes Brutus had slain Caesar sooner—before he started on the Gallic campaign.

Celine W. resembles a telephone—she can't be depended upon.

It's a pity certain girls were not boys. Then they could wear the whole cadet uniform instead of just "Western Belts."

If the Seniors had not become fatigued by their excessive boasting they might have won the Class Meet.

"How green you are and fresh."—Most any Freshman.

The least a student says the more he knows—especially after a flag raising.

It may be bad form for a student to chew gum, but it is far better than "chewing the rag," as several do in English Literature.

"What's the use of doing anything—Nothing at all." This is the watchword of L. D. and his faithful followers.

THE JUNIOR DICTIONARY.

Cyclone—Cone of circulation.

Morning Exercises—Short study period.

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Demerits—Stimulants served by teachers.

Juniors—Freshman's model, Sophomore's envy, Senior's superiors.

ATTENTION, STUDENTS!!

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Do you play with your pencil?
Do you hum in school?
Do You fidget in your seat?

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Love in Indiana—E. C. Watson.

Gum—Its Use and Abuse—Carolyn Wempen.

The Short and Simple Annals of the Poor Seniors—Carrie Rich

A COUNTRY COUSIN'S VISIT.



"my pa brat me"



Y deer chum:

Mebby you think i aint havin a gud time out hear well mebbly i aint. it was kinder dark wen pa & me got hear so we jest asked every body in site were Dink lived but know body seemed to no. ill tell you pa & me wus gettin mighty scared cause we didnt no nothing about big citys like Alton & pa wus jest sayin he gessed wed have to go back hom wen Dink cums marchin down the line gee but

im glad we didn't have to go back hom. Dinks *awful* smart but then hes a Junior & Dink says thet all the smart boys are Juniors. i gess Dink thot hed play a joke on me & bein as i wus frum the country id be a old scardycat but i foaled him all rite. about 12 o'clock thet nite wen it wus orfel dark Dink grabbed me with both his hands & shuk me sumthing dredful & says, O Bugs. Bugs dont you heer thet awful noise it sounds like gots but i jest grunted & went back to sleep. i got even with him all rite cause the nex mornin i put soap in his tooth brush—well youd jest died laffin if youd seen him makin faces. After the soap stunt i tryed to get Dink in a gud humor cause i wanted to go to skul with him. the skul Dink goes to aint nothing like our little

red school house its an nawful big buildin with most a hundred rooms in it & insted of havin one kind gentle lovin sixty eyed teacher to watch over you & keep you frum havin any fun at all they had a hole plat form ful—the poor kids.

the first resitatun Dink went to wus kemistry, i tell u i like kemistry its jest loads of fun first you walk thru a great long hall & then up about six stories till you cum to the kemistry lab. most of the scholars had borrowed there muthers apron but one great big tall boy loked like he might have borrowed his baby sisters. After they got there aprons on they played around in the water for most an hour. After this we roamed around til we came to the latin room—well this wus the limit, one great big tall boy thet the teacher called Franklin got up & said voices were

hurled at my feet i wonder if his feet have ears. honest the names they called the teacher was sum thing scandales one girl sed now do you here. Why are you silent i will prove it if you dare deny it. you contemptible retch, you outlaw you assassin, now wusn't thet awful & she didnt get mad either. reely i was so mixed up after latin i dont no how i got to what Dink called the fisiks room. they had a hole lots of tables in this room now don't think they had any thing to eat cause they didn't least i didnt see nothin. well at one of these tables they wound string round a spul & at nother table they rang a bell & at the one i was at they all held hands & one girl grabbed a hold of my hand & held it so tight i jest screamed—my but i was schocked. i dont no wat they did the nex hour cause i went to sleep thet was down in english history. mebbly you think i wusn't glad wen Dink woke me up & say d it was dinner time. i stood it in the mornin so i cum back after dinner. if i wusnt dreaming i visited a kindegarden the first hour in the after noon there ma's was afraid they d get hungry so they give there little boys a bag of salted peanuts & there little girls some pickles. one little toe-headed boy thet Dink said wus Marcus sum thing had jest quit wearin Buster Brown suits & the teacher used such dred ful big words thet this little boy had to use a discsunery. the rest of um wus jest as bad & did no end of phulish things such as shuttin winders thet was already shut & pinnin peaces of paper on each others backs & gigling most always. Dink had Dutch nex but i wus afraid it wud be as bad as latin so



i went up stairs in the big room & watched the girls chew gum. the last thing he had wus geometry gee but thet wus a frite. first they al rote sumthin on the board & then they told the teacher wat they rote i gess he cudnt read. one blue eyed flaxen-haired girl wus practing for the stage i believe, first she tried to poke the ruler thru the board & not succeeding in this she tried to swaller it, i'll tell you she wus a wonder for all the wile she wus smilin & tryin to get rid of the ruler she wus doin all sorts of Jim nasticul stunts on her left toe, i'll shou you hou she did em when i cum hom. i went home rite after schul, that kind of life was to stren ous for me Well ill be hom soon.

Your friend

BUGS.

P. S.—Now wusn't that goin sum.

(K. C. H.)

CALENDAR.



10th—"Arouse ye then, my merry, merry men, this is our opening day."

11th—The new members of the faculty appear in smiles. "Twill not be thus long! All the pupils try to get on the "good side."

12th—Terrific crash! A Freshman, overcome by the ordeal of entering the Assembly Room in view of the whole school, swoons and falls.

13th—Some of the Freshmen lose themselves in the corridors. A search party is sent in pursuit.

14th—The shower baths are put to good use. Ask the Freshmen boys.

17th—New teachers begin to deliver a course of lectures. "Where, oh where, have the smiles all gone?"

18th—Freshman—"Please, can I go to the waste-paper basket?"

19th—Several of the Senior boys hire the girls to make their chemistry aprons.

20th—The girls get the sleeves in wrong and the boys, exasperated, take them to the dressmaker.

21st—The Freshmen are told the meaning of *demerit* and are instructed how to obtain one.

24th—The boys look "chahming" in their aprons, so the Senior girls say.

25th—The Seniors appoint Mildred as their Arithmetic teacher.

26th—The first Arithmetic lesson appears; $1 - 5 = ?$

27th—The girls occupy the back row in Latin 3.

28th—The girls are on the front row in Latin; the boys on the back row. The girls Basket-Ball practice begins.

Miss B.—What are barometers?

Freshman.—The men that put the condition of the weather in the paper.

"With lokkes crulle as they were leyd in presse."—Mr. King.

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By our teacher who's not bold,
And who, though very small in size,
Is uncommonly bright and wise:
"K-R-A-F-T means cunning,"
I am sure she wasn't funning
For we have likewise learned since then,
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CALENDAR.



1st—The boys are back on the front row, not in adjacent seats.

2nd—The Juniors and Sophomores are learning to talk German very fluently. "Ich habe mein Hat gelost."

3rd—The initials E. W. and C. W. appear on a post in the "gym." The Basket-Ball girls are dying with curiosity to know whose they are; will not some one relieve their suspense?

4th—Mr. Watson wears a red tie.

5th—Mr. Watson appears with a blue tie.

8th—A Grievance Committee of Sophomore girls wait upon the Algebra teacher.

9th—First number of the star course. Lecture on Gladstone by F. W. Gunsaulus.

10th—A black tie today.

11th—"The Pigtail" is sung for the first time during the music period. Of course the little children giggle.

12th—Mr. W. wears a green tie. Will they never cease?

13th—The Alton boys go to Carrollton to play foot ball.

15th—Gershom has his picture taken. Every girl in the school begs for one.

16th—Harry G. makes a recitation in English!!!!

18th—Mr. W. finds a very flattering likeness of himself on his desk.

19th—Strange happenings! Helen C. looks cross!!! Anna R. and Margaret R. wear their hair "did up."

22nd—A brown tie appears.

23rd—Skiddo!!!

24th—A stranger today visited the High School. Upon leaving he remarked, "The one thing I admire about this school is its excellent demerit system!!!"

25th—Nina has her "man" down for dinner.

26th—Kathryn H. arrives at school early! (Three minutes of nine.)

30th—The Phi Eta Gummas are given a holiday and go on an excursion to the waste-paper basket.

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CALENDAR.



- 1st—The janitor threatens to lock two basket-ball girls in the gymnasium.
3rd—Alton foot-ball team plays Jerseyville.
5th—The Sophomore Grievance Committee interviews the Algebra teacher.
6th—The first basket-ball game of the season. Alton Boys vs. Upper Alton High.
7th—Mr. Watson wears a pink tie.
9th—A free luncheon, consisting of pickles, served in the library the first p. m. period, by a Junior girl.
12th—It rains. The curl comes out of Eunice N's hair.

13th—Another wet day. Eunice brings her curling irons.

15th—Alton High vs. St. Patricks. (Practice game.)

16th—Alton Girls vs. A. H. S. Alumnae.

19th—A yellow tie.

20th—A. H. S. vs. Upper Alton High. (Practice game.)

22nd—At the close of morning exercises Mr. Richardson announces that the pupils may have the privilege of speaking pieces. This causes a great sensation.

23rd—The second number of the Star Course. An entertainment by the Salisbury Orchestra.

26th—English 2^d B is greatly shocked by an outburst of slang from a certain red-headed girl.

28th—Very little studying done in anticipation of the holidays.

29th—"Visions of turkey now burst on our sight."

"The smile that won't come off."—Bertha Fiegenbaum.

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CALENDAR.



1st—A. H. S. vs. Litchfield H. S.

3rd—Pupils just arrived from Turkey.

4th—The Sophomore Grievance Committee again interviews the Algebra teacher.

5th—A. H. S. Second Team vs. Granite City Eighth Grade Team.

7th—Day of great joy. Rhetoricals begin! The Seniors elect their officers. A. H. S. vs. Granite City H. S. Score 82-6!!!

8th—A. H. S. vs. Yeatman H. S. Score 39-9!!

10th—Senior—"Can I go to the liberry?"

11th—Mr. W. wears a purple tie.

12th—A—R— informs the class that Pope died during his last illness.

14th—Marcus S. gives a review of "Hamlet" in English. I wonder when he read it!

17th—A. H. S. vs. Shurtleff.

18th—Dick Sparks does not take a nap!!!

19th—A tan tie appears.

20th—A. H. S. vs. Business College. Score 80-6!!!

21st—A Christmas program is given. The school is dismissed for the holidays. Some one presents Lorena Bauer with a quarter's worth of chewing gum. A. H. S. vs. A. H. S. Alumni.

29th—A. H. S. vs. Central Alumnae. Did the girls have anything to eat? Oh, y-a-i-s! Well, I g-a-i-s!

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CALENDAR.



2nd—School reopens. Pupils come back joyously (?) The Sophomore Grievance Committee makes its monthly visit to the Algebra teacher. The third number of the Star Course, The Chicago Lyceum Ladies' Quartette, with Effie C. Palmer, Reader.

3rd—A black and white tie.

4th—The third year German class discovers that Nettie Elble keeps "cows with golden crowns."

5th—Miss G. casually remarks "Milton is Sublime."

9th—English 3 A is again informed that "Milton is Sublime."

10th—English 3 A continues to be informed that "Milton is Sublime."

11th—The "Hausmädchenverein" arranges a course of

lectures. First lecture—Edna Dooling on "How to Cook." Alton vs. Hillsboro. Score 62-7!!!

12th—A. H. S. Girls vs. Union Club.

15th—Miss G. casually remarks "Milton is Sublime."

16th—The "Tatler" board is elected.

17th—Miss R.—"How do you pronounce the ending e-i-a-n?" H. G.—"Cheyenne."

18th—The Seniors hold a meeting and decide that all members of the High School shall be compelled to study German so—that if some girl marries a German, she may be able to talk to him.

19th—The Central game is called off. The Hausmädchenverein decides that the "gym" needs cleaning. They are very neat, especially in the way they dispose of the dirt. This they probably learned from their mothers (?) Nicht wahr?

22nd—Certain privileged pupils are invited by the faculty to attend an intellectual program for three days, under the name of "Finals."

23rd—The finals begin. A very large number find out the meaning of "skidoo."

24th—A. H. S. vs. St. Patricks. Score 73-14!!!

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CALENDAR.

25th—The Sophomore Grievance Committee calls on the Algebra teacher.

26th—A. H. S. Girls vs. Central High Girls.

28th—The second semester begins. More Freshies arrive, also a new teacher. The Juniors very generously bequeath their old seats to the Sophomores and occupy the rear. A. H. S. vs. Shurtleff at W. M. A.

29th—Lost—The most beloved (?) singing period. Finder please return to the mourning Juniors and Seniors.

30th—A sewing class is established in the High School. The girls are given towels to hem.

31st—Daisy C. falls down the girls' stairway. The members of the Sophomore class are very much frightened.



1st—According to a debate in Junior rhetoricals, athletics should be abolished in the A. H. S. However, the High School is not governed by debates. Jessie Johnson delivers the second “Hausmädchenverein” lecture on Domestic Science.

4th—One of the Freshies wears squeaky shoes and promenades about the Assembly Room.

5th—Bessie Green actually translates one of Cicero's remarks.

6th—A. H. S. vs. St. Patricks. Score 70-9!!! A tan tie!

8th—Debate in Junior rhetoricals on the Chinese question by Harry Mathews and Jacob Lipsky. Harry is given two votes and Jacob none. Who says they can't debate? Romeo and Juliet appear before the Seniors in



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CALENDAR.

the famous balcony scene. Senior Pin Committee is appointed. A. H. S. vs. Madison. Score 83-20!

9th—A. H. S. vs. Litchfield.

11th—Senior Pin Committee meets.

12th—A. H. S. Girls vs. Shurtleff. (Practice game.)

13th—Miss Naylor is absent. The Senior Pin Committee again meets.

14th—The Freshmen present the teachers with valentines.

15th—Gertrude G. and Edith M. quarrel as to which shall bring Miss N's. lunch.

16th—A. H. S. Girls vs. Yeatman H. S. The Alton girls win by one point.

18th—Blanche borrows Edgar's Latin. Senior Pin Committee meets again.

19th—Kathryn leaves her English at home and has to use Edgar's.

20th—Nelle loses her Physics and in her haste gets Edgar's.

21st—Edgar skips classes. Seniors at last select their pins!!!!

22nd—The Sophomores give a public program.

23rd—A. H. S. Girls vs. Union Club. Score 27-5!!!
A. H. S. Boys vs. North Side Y. M. C. A.

25th—The Sophomore Grievance Committee calls on the Geometry teacher

26th—Junior Boys vs. Seniors. A. H. S. vs. Upper Alton H. S.

27th—Junior Girls vs. Seniors. The fourth number of the Star Course. Herbert Leon Cope, Humorist, on "The Smile That Won't Come Off."

28th—Junior Girls vs. Sophomores. Sophomore Boys vs. Freshmen. A red and pink tie appears!!

29th—No school today.



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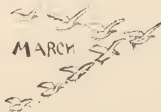
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CALENDAR.



1st—The Senior class decides to require all pupils of the High School to do rhetorical work and thus improve their minds and morals.

2nd—The expected game between the A. H. S. Girls and Central High. But they didn't "come." Isn't it strange?

4th—Miss G.—"Give me a *forcible* sentence." Pupil—"Mr. King gave thirty-two demerits today."

5th—Mr. W. loses his seat on the platform.

6th—"The day is cold and dark and dreary."

8th—Seniors select their motto and invitation committees. They are trying to get on top!

11th—Nettie Elble joins the "Frizzlers' Association" and appears in a South Sea Islander's style of hairdressing.

12th—For a change Mr. W. wears a pink and green tie.

13th—Marcus S. and Kendall H. are out of knickerbockers.

14th—Farewell to J. Farewell to B.

Farewell to one. Farewell to thee.

They didn't have to go to Dayton.

They only fled as far as Clayton.

15th—The Seniors select their Class Day program.

16th—A. H. S. Girls vs. East St. Louis H. S.

19th—German 2^d is rebuked by the teacher because of strange articles of diet. The sentence appeared on the board. Ich habe meinen Vater gegessen.

21st—The Physics class is very much shocked at the pupils holding hands.

23rd—A. H. S. Girls vs. East St. Louis. 23-1!!!

25th—The fifth and last number of the Star Course. George R. Wendling, Lecturer, on Unseen Realities.

26th—The Geometry teacher receives his monthly visit from the Sophomore Grievance Committee.

28th—Elliott S. greatly fears the big comet.

29th—Louis Enos is *only* 5 minutes late!!!!!! The Seniors elect their Valedictorian and Salutatorian.

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CALENDAR.



1st—April Fool.

2nd—Eliott has recovered from his fears.

3rd—F. O., on waking from a nap in English, "O, why did I wake?" Junior flag floats from the wires.

4th—The Class Meet. Day of triumph for the Juniors. The Junior flag is raised on the building over the heads of its victorious supporters.

5th—8 a. m.—Senior flag is seen on the flagstaff. Half-hour later—Two Senior boys are seen hauling the flag down.

8th—Cake given away free to all callers at Seat 3, Row 8.

9th—Day of wonders. Bertha F. does not whisper

once! Lillian Marsh giggles!! Harry G. does not get a demerit!!! Mr. W. wears a new tie!!!!

12th—The preliminary contest. Alice Morris captures first place in declamation, Edgar Stevens in oration, Ethel Richards in essay. The Seniors receive their pins. "My, aren't we smart?"

13th—Mr. Kraft takes the children out botanizing. They nearly get lost.

16th—A black and red tie.

17th—The janitor finds an enormous amount of fudge crumbs on the floor of the Junior section.

19th—Marcus is "improving his soul" by "religiously" studying his dictionary.

23rd—A gray tie appears.

24th—The "Tatler" board nearly breaks the camera. The Geometry teacher is visited by the Sophomore Grievance Committee.

26th—Mr. Watson wears a purple tie with red polka-dots.

30th—The "Tatler" goes to press. The board are given a week's leave of absence and sent to the hospital.

















